

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 19, No. 21 (Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 31, 1906.

Single Copies, 5c.
For Annual (in advance), \$5. Whole No. 957

The Front Page

It cannot be true. It does not seem reasonable. We shall wake up and find that the Insurance Commission did not meet in Ottawa at all, or, if it did, it conducted the first part of its proceedings under an entire misapprehension as to its duties. It is impossible to believe that the Government of Canada appointed an Insurance Commission without the consent of the insurance companies, and it is equally impossible to believe that the companies consented to an investigation which had no sooner got under way than it began to annoy them very much. Somebody has blundered. A letter has gone astray, a telegram has been misunderstood, or in some other manner the finely adjusted machinery that governs this country to the liking of its smartest citizens has slipped a cog. It is pretty hard to believe that the companies, knowing where they stood, approved of the letting loose of the dogs, or that the Government would have let 'em loose had it been known that such distinguished citizens as Mr. T. B. Macaulay of Montreal and Sir Henry M. Pellatt of Toronto would so soon be chased up trees. All this was never meant! There is such a respect in this country for silk-vested rights that only an accident can have produced the conditions that the common people of Canada are viewing with so much interest. The Commissioners have found it necessary to adjourn and pay a visit to New York. No doubt they will come back presently, apologize to everybody whom they have in any way annoyed, and begin all over again. If they don't, people may as well recognize at once the fact that a new day has come in Canada and that somebody has cut the pull-cord at the capital.

When it comes down to the fine point, all that is necessary to regulate the insurance business is publicity—such publicity as the superintendent of insurance could readily give. The evidence so far uncovered in this enquiry shows that the insurance inspectors knew what ought to be known, and could, by making their knowledge public, have remedied all that they felt it necessary to find fault with. But they were hired men. They were not going to chase distinguished men up trees on their own responsibility. Sooner or later public opinion had to bring about the necessary change, and if the people can be kept interested in the insurance question for the next twelve months, the necessary regulations can be embodied in law, and the full criticism of the insurance inspectors printed annually for public reading. Life insurance is not private but public business, and it should be conducted in the glare of publicity. Some leading insurance men are described as having been chased up trees. They can explain away the irregularities charged against them, but it has been worth the whole price of admission to see them scurrying to the front with their explanations. This is the key to the whole situation. It is impossible for an insurance company to prosper without public confidence, and it should be made impossible for a company to have public confidence without deserving it. If the people even suspect that the directors of a company are making fortunes by means of the leverage that its accumulated and loose-handled funds gives them, the success of that concern can be arrested on the spot. Probably there is not much wrong with our insurance companies, but sufficient facts are before the public to justify the belief that the companies were not jerked up with an investigation any too soon. They need to have their boundaries delimited anew. There is a business which if distrusted is destroyed. Public confidence was withdrawn from the Equitable Life in New York as a result of the scandals, and its annual report a fortnight ago showed that it has now \$30,419,000 less outstanding insurance than it had one year ago. New business has fallen off the immense sum of \$81,224,000; \$7,731,000 was paid out in surrender valuations to policyholders who cancelled their policies. The four big companies in New York, it is said, had 100,000 policies cancelled. Such is the toppling-down of built-up business that ensues when popular confidence in insurance companies is lost. Insurance is the people's business, not that of the company manager who calls it his, and ruins it when he handles it as if it were his. Publicity is the thing—publicity and lots of it.

The Postmaster-General of Australia announced in a speech to the House on the third of February that he expects to be able to give every man in the country a telephone in his own house at a cost of one shilling a week. Mr. Henniker Hexton, M.P., has called the attention of the British Government to this fact, and is urging a reduction in the cost of telephones in Great Britain. This week the Government at Ottawa have brought forward a bill placing the telephone business in Canada under control of the Railway Commission in the matter of rates, providing for interchange of messages between companies, and giving all companies access to railway stations on terms to be adjusted by the Commission. All this is good enough as far as it goes, but it goes a much shorter distance than the project credited to Sir William Mulock last year of nationalizing the telephone service. It would seem that in this country there is always a seat on the bench for a man who is too enterprising in public life to suit his colleagues. Perhaps the Bell Telephone Company is just a little bit too strong as an organized influence, to be bought out by a Government until it wants to sell. In the meantime, while the company is passed over to the unkind control of the Railway Commission, it seizes the psychological moment to ask for a vastly increased capitalization on which to hang dividends.

Montreal is anxious to establish a permanent Exhibition, and steps are being taken in that city with this end in view. Those behind the movement argue that as Toronto has a great Fair and as Montreal has a geographical and topographical situation quite as good, while being rather better off in respect of population and industrial and commercial activity, there is no reason why Montreal should not go into this thing and make a great success of it. Yet there are some points that deserve consideration. The great Toronto Fair is not a made thing—it grew. When people set out in Montreal or anywhere else to make an Exhibition—to produce one ready-made and creditable from the first to a modern city that does not want to play second fiddle to another city, there is very strong probability that disappointments will be met with, that the show will fall short of expectations, that the public will not be tolerant, and that those who manage it will not have the patience to persevere in their more or less thankless labors. The Toronto Fair was not made, but grew from the seed. It was one of many little shows that were conducted in Ontario a generation ago,

but it was fortunately located, it was sedulously watched and tended, and its expansion has kept pace with the development of the city and the province. There are some things you can't make. The Fair-going habit is another thing that can't be called into existence at will. This habit has been transmitted from father to son, from mother to daughter, in the country tributary to Toronto, and nothing can eradicate it except a succession of badly managed Exhibitions, which we are not likely to have. If Montreal wants to grow a tree, a sapling needs to be planted, but no sapling will suit Montreal for a minute—the whole umbrageous tree will be demanded forthwith. That's what's the matter with the Montreal scheme, as it has been with plans in Buffalo, Detroit and other places that attempted in a day to rival what Toronto, with the aid of Ontario, has accomplished in a generation.

No man in this country expresses sane views in so waggish a manner as Captain A. T. Hunter. He comes forward infrequently, but never without something neat to deliver. He is a militia officer, yet he cannot refrain from joshing the service to which he belongs. In his latest speech he suggests that a thousand men should be got ready for the next war service that crops up. He would train them with these qualifications: "(1) They

A Toronto man who had hit on a scheme could have made himself a millionaire weeks of successful business, has had his undressed by the police. This man took in more street car tickets, giving to each man he dealt with more value than he got, provided the customer delivered three other customers into the operator's hands. If these three delivered nine customers, and the nine brought in twenty-seven, and the twenty-seven brought in eighty-one, all would be gainers—until, maybe a million men would be looking for three million others that they could unload on, and failing, the manipulator of this ingenious scheme could have counted his gains in seven figures. No doubt the man made money even as far as he had gone, for many of those who bought coupons would feel too foolish next day to proceed with their part of the game. The peculiar part of it is the eagerness with which people will bite at a scheme of this kind. Nobody could doubt that the profit to be made in this deal by the individual who went into it, had to come out of other persons who put their money in and got nothing back. Yet scores of men, for a little gain, went about town peddling tickets entitling their friends and acquaintances to get soaked, unless they hustled around and entangled their friends and acquaintances instead. It is rather discouraging to

Falls preserved as a spectacle. The scheme is to turn popular sentiment to strictly business uses, take advantage of the scare concerning the spoiling of the Falls, and on this basis interest the British Ambassador at Washington in the case. The English are almost sure to deplore the disfigurement of any marvel of nature, by others. However, as the Alverstones of the Old Land do not understand games that are played with marked cards, this country should handle her own case in this affair.

The Canadian power companies are, no doubt, extremely anxious to escape the exclusive control of the Ontario Government. It is a significant fact, and complimentary to Premier Whitney, that these companies now begin to snuggle under the protection of Ottawa. Why do they do so—why did they not do so sooner? Because Premier Whitney's Cabinet of amateurs are a good deal of a puzzle to the big financiers. They do not know where they are at with Premier Whitney. He scarcely seems to be human, such is his indifference to the smiles of capitalists and to the advice of wise politicians who go to him with warnings. He is not a brilliant man but he has sand, and, perhaps, he remembers the cold deals he got from these same men when he was in Opposition. Perhaps he remembers, too, what happened to a government, that forgot the many and danced attendance on the few. At all events Mr. Whitney and his novices are a puzzle to men who have got into the way of whistling for any politician they want to use. The power companies are by no means sure that the Whitney Government will not, in its stolid and gruff way, step forward and expropriate all their property in the name of the people. Some lawyers have legal minds so fine that they can scent difficulties in doing anything whatever. They dare do nothing, because of a thousand and one legal possibilities that might ensue. Mr. Whitney's mind lacks these microscopic powers. He has a farmer's faith in horse-sense, and it would surprise nobody if he decided to expropriate the power companies, quite regardless of acts passed in the reign of Charles II. or Rufus the Red-Headed. The platform talk of some members of the Government during the past month lends probability to some such action. There is a rumor, too, that Mr. Whitney's Cabinet is wholly unable to see any solid reasons why the Government should not announce that the rich mining lands of the Gillies limit near Cobalt will not be given to individuals lucky enough to grab them in a scramble or buy them at auction, but will apply the principle of public ownership to the minerals that abound there, and mine the property for the benefit of the Provincial treasury. Why not? Would it be unfair to the miners? The minerals up there will, for the most part, enrich men who have done nothing, suffered nothing, and who deserve nothing in the way of a prize from the bosom of the wilderness. The real prospector by his work may be entitled to share in the gain when another of his kind stumbles on a rich strike, but can anybody say why the Province of Ontario should parcel out among adventurers and corporation agents from all over the world a mining property that is known to be worth millions? Why not mine this wealth for the benefit of the people of Ontario? I know of no reason except that it would be too sensible a thing to expect to see done until the world grows yet older and wiser.

Some action should be taken by the Dominion and Provincial Governments to suppress the sale of pernicious patent medicines, and both Governments are convicted of neglect of duty by the published reports of their own analysts while they continue to permit dangerous nostrums to be palmed off on a trusting public. Those medicines that contain dangerous drugs which gain a grip on an invalid that he cannot shake off, and those which contain alcohol in such proportions as to throw the reformed dipsomaniac back into the slavery he has escaped, should not be permitted to wear disguise. If sold at all—and some of them are of such a character that they should only be administered by a physician familiar with their properties and the constitution of the individual patient—but if sold at all, they should be made to confess the nature of their contents on their bottle-wrappers. The Pratt bill before the Ontario Legislature makes a mistake in treating all proprietary medicines alike, for this gives the bill the appearance of being framed in the interests of the medical profession, whereas it is the public welfare alone that should be considered. The doctors should be able to pull along on the special legislation that already exists in their favor. If they seek more they may lose something of what they have got, for a thorough public discussion of the arbitrary powers exercised by the Medical Council over individual practitioners would surely give the latter increased freedom. Here is a secret society whose rulers exercise over members an authority superior to the laws of the land, and keep in motion a private tribunal as terrifying and implacable as the inquisition of Spain—alleging good purposes, but alleging no better purposes than other abusers of power have done since the world began. It is said that there are several doctors awaiting trial at the present time—liable to lose their right to practise their lawful profession, to have their livelihoods taken from them, for breaches of etiquette that do not concern the State, nor the people of the State, in the least. Why should Ontario invest the officers of the Doctors' Union with power to take away the license of a legally qualified physician in whom the State sees no fault, but whose sole offence is that he has disobeyed the code of his secret society?

There are two ways of dealing with patent medicines: (1) as the doctors would do it, and (2) as it ought to be done in the public interests. The latter method should commend itself to the Legislature. Pernicious patent medicines should be severely dealt with; those that are non-injurious should not be interfered with at all, beyond requiring them to become registered and licensed. Against a campaign such as I propose, the patent medicine people could make no stand whatever; whereas, they can and will make successful resistance against a proposal to drive all patent medicines out of business for the benefit of the doctors.

On the morning of Saturday, December 9th, a prepossessing young lady entered the Crown Bank in Toronto, chatted with one of the clerks and made an appointment to lunch with him at a restaurant. It was a very ordinary occurrence, yet it quickly became extraordinary. Perhaps E. S. Banwell, the clerk, did not have the price of such a lunch as he felt called upon to buy, and being one of those fellows who inspire no friendship nor liking in other men who know them, he probably had nobody to whom he could turn for a loan. Feeling perhaps that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb the clerk took from the bank funds not only enough to entertain his fiancée handsomely for the afternoon, but



A GROUP PORTRAIT OF SOME WELL KNOWN CONFIDENCE MEN.

shall be able to ride well enough to get from one place to another. (2) They shall be able to shoot with great accuracy at long ranges, that is from 600 yards to 1,500 yards, which are the ranges at which the precisely drilled soldier of Europe never hits anything except by accident. (3) They shall know the other use of a sandbag, which is entrenchment. (4) They shall have enough discipline not to be hanged as bandits if taken prisoners." "How we shall raise such a force," says Captain Hunter, "I have not the least idea, for there are not three hundred such men in Canada to-day. But I know that if we had them, and sent them to the field, whenever next the nations were deciding who should be invaded, Canada would draw a bye."

Such a force will not be organized. In the Boer War the British officers found it necessary to cast aside every frill and ornament that distinguished them from the common soldiers. They will not do this in time of peace. A militia that never expects to go to war is less ready to do it. Our officers spend hundreds of dollars unnecessarily for uniforms and gewgaws that would be utterly useless in real, modern war—flaming garb ensuring certain death, but they must keep on doing it, for at Ottawa are influences bent on keeping in check all the naturally democratic tendencies of Canadians. Our officers must rig themselves out in gay-colored and expensive uniforms, and our militia go through all the hay-foot, straw-foot business that won victory in the tallow-candle days of Waterloo. The common sense of the whole country condemns it and eagerly approves such criticisms as those of Captain Hunter. The same Ottawa tendency to fashion Canada into what she is not, and make of her a little was imitation of Great Britain, was displayed recently when the Deputy Ministers at the capital were required to line up at Rideau Hall looking foolish in cocked hats and with trailing swords. One wonders that half a dozen of these men, who are neither dependents nor puppets, but business men in a sensible country, did not resign their positions by way of protest against being made to play a part in a doll's house royalty game.

find that so many people were ready to sew their friends up in a losing game for the sake of a shilling or two.

The plot thickens. Across the line the State and Federal authorities will wrestle for control of Niagara Falls, while here the Dominion and Provincial authorities will contest for control. If a man be very optimistic he may believe that this new interest in Niagara is occasioned by a desire on the part of the greater governments to restrain the greed of the lesser, and preserve the Falls, but there are several niggers in the fence. For the past three or four weeks these columns have been foreshadowing the present movement. The aim of the United States is to make the control of Niagara international—that is to say, they want to dicker with neither Ontario nor the Dominion but with Great Britain, represented by one of her Alverstones. Every move made is in that direction. They will contend, when they have led up to it, that the republic owns one-half the volume of water that passes over the cataract, whether it tumbles down their side of the gulch or ours. The preservation of the Falls will be the pretext for securing a wider grasp on the water-power than nature and the official charts give them. The water-power already bargained away is enough to leave the American Falls dry as a bone. What they want is an international agreement that our side of the Falls will not be drained dry, too, unless they get half the plunder to be made out of it, and half the power it can be made to produce. The corrupt legislators at Albany have nothing more to sell. They are sold out. Where they quit, the harnessers have induced Washington to begin. It is not for Albany, but for the national Government to establish a claim to one-half or all they can get of the water that tumbles down our side of the precipice. To go after it because of its horse-power value would be clumsy; they can with more decency make their claim with the professed object of preserving the scenic beauty of Niagara. Also they gain the support of the great body of opinion in the United States, and throughout the world, that sincerely desires to see the

some \$40,000 in all, and went to the restaurant with all this money bulging in his clothes. I understand that Banwell informed Miss Hector, as they enjoyed the best luncheon that the primitive resources of a colonial city can provide, of his theft and the extent of it, and that she urged him to put the money back, but he grew angry, reproached her with ingratitude, silenced her protests. Half an hour later the young lady was flitting from one jewellery store to another, spending \$400 here and \$600 there, with a reckless disregard of expense not seen in these shops since Mrs. Cassie Chadwick passed through town with her hypnotic eye and scorned to tarry in one of the stores for a mere matter of twenty dollars change in settling for her purchases. That night Banwell and Miss Hector were more or less solemnly married in Buffalo and began a wild honeymoon trip, extending to New York, New Orleans and ending at Kingston, Jamaica, where the police captured them. Nearly all the stolen money or its worth in jewels was recovered. Banwell has been sent to penitentiary for four years and his bride has been let off on suspended sentence on the charge of receiving money knowing it to have been stolen. Most people think that Banwell got off with a mighty easy sentence, while his wife escaped with an indulgent rebuke that no doubt implies that she has been a "naughty girl."

When Banwell stood up for sentence there was but one use left in him so far as the commonwealth was concerned, and that was the example that could have been made of him for the benefit of other young fellows similarly placed. No particular use was made of him in this respect. Everybody expected that he would get seven years, and he got but four. It comes cheap and inexpensive, this order of crime—betraying an important trust, robbing employers, disgracing two families, blasting the life of one's fiancée, and through counsel demoralizing the public mind by setting up extenuating circumstances in excuse for crime. No circumstances can extenuate such an act of robbery. He had \$100,000 under his care on that 9th of December and he only stole \$40,000 of it—probably that was all he could carry. He was not getting a large salary, but thousands of honest men in this city are drawing smaller pay. As Judge Winchester pointed out, the men at the head of the banking business in the city were in their day paid as Banwell was paid. But they had the patience to wait, and the will to work, without resorting to crude, crass robbery. This, it is said, was Banwell's first offence. The assassin of McKinley could have said as much.

The blame for this affair does not rest on Mrs. Banwell. A woman is a woman in a case of this kind and the man alone deserves punishment—deserves an extra dose of it for the injury he does the woman who loyally follows him even to the prison door. And yet—and yet what are we to think of the times if responsibility for honesty is to be thrown exclusively on men, and on men whose tutelage in honesty recent and current revelations of business methods show to be none of the best? Can the directors juggle with the securities of a company, can the manager of a firm put bogus transactions through his books, can he by dirty business give his employees soiled hands, and yet expect these assistants to refuse bribes, shun grafts, and show for their employer's cash-drawers, stuffed with dubious gains, the respect that tills and safes enjoyed in our grandfathers' days? There will be smaller fleas to bite 'em. In this Banwell case what would have happened had the young woman, on being informed in the restaurant of the theft and the extent of it, refused to eat another bite or tarry a moment until the man had walked back and returned every dollar of the stolen money? I like to think that nine out of ten girls would have so acted, whatever the consequences to the man or to herself. The worst that would have happened to the man would have been the loss of his job and of his chance for employment in any other financial institution here. Yet the man might have had a future none the less. Now he can have none. Beyond the penitentiary lies no future for anyone who passes through it. A bleak and forbidding road leads on from there.

News supplied to the public press by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa or by any other branch of government, Dominion or Provincial, should be privileged. It appears that it is not. In the case tried this week at Cobourg, *Coyle vs. The Globe*, Mr. Justice Clute decided that the publication by the newspaper of a statement handed out by the fruit branch of the Department of Agriculture was not privileged, and the paper could not escape responsibility and throw the onus on the Government if Coyle had been libelled. Although in this case the jury exonerated the *Globe*, surely the State should assume full responsibility for all information handed out by its departments for publication through the press to the public. The interests of good government require the publication of such news and surely the Government should guarantee the authenticity of whatever information is issued by any of its departments. MACK.

Crime and Criminals.

THE average citizen does not interest himself very deeply in criminology, but it is an interesting subject and one demanding the increasing attention of those who make and administer laws. It touches all of us more or less, because although the average man may never be sandwiched on a street corner, nor defrauded by an absconding clerk, nor have his own treasure-house violently broken into, he is affected indirectly by crime of some sort every day; crime also constantly affects him directly in his capacity as a taxpayer. Such questions, therefore, as the prevention of crime and the treatment of criminals should interest us not only from a philanthropic but from a business standpoint. The fewer criminals we have the less it will cost the community and the State for the administration of the law and for the maintenance and surveillance of prisoners. The question is, What is the best means of dealing with actual or possible misdemeanants so that we may have as few incorrigible criminals as possible? Some years ago all that was thought necessary in the matter of disposing of a law-breaker was to catch him, clap him into a jail or penitentiary and there to make his life as miserable as possible with the least possible expense. The sole idea in imprisoning him seemed to be to starve him, break his spirit, and finally to discharge him as a thoroughly bedeviled character. A term in prison was looked upon as a sort of graduating course in crime, on the completion of which he was turned out a full-fledged professional crook. No effort was made to straighten out his twisted moral fibre or to encourage him to live an honest, industrious life when liberated. Public opinion, however, is year by year growing in enlightenment, and the law, which is an expression of public opinion, though somewhat belated, is now coming to be interpreted in a manner which indicates that imprisonment is designed as a means of correction, at least as much as a means of punishment.

Last Monday evening Dr. Gilmore, Warden of the Central Prison, delivered at the Canadian Institute, on the invitation of the Local Council of Women, an address of much interest on the subject of "The Prevention of Crime." Dr. Gilmore's views are of value because they are the opinions of a keenly observant medical man, based on an experience of ten years with the delinquent classes. Dr. Gilmore not only possesses a practical knowledge of his subject, but being a man of scholarly attainments he knows how to express his views in a manner which stimulates his hearers with interest in his subject. "There are," said Dr. Gilmore, "two classes of criminals, the habitual and the accidental—those who practise

crime professionally and those who commit a misdemeanor under stress of some great temptation. The younger a person drifts into crime the more apt he is to become an habitual offender. In the great majority of first commitments the offenders are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Just as most conversions to religious life occur during the period of adolescence, most of the lapses into crime are recorded at this age, which seems to be the parting of the ways. This would indicate that those who



DR. GILMORE.

first fall into devious paths do so because of defective early environment. There are three great reforming elements: Religion, labor, and education. I might say that not one man in a hundred who comes to the Central Prison is a good mechanic. Practically all the skilled workmen we have have learned their trades here or in some other prison, so that it seems clear that the early learning of a trade or some occupation by a boy is one of the best safeguards against his becoming a criminal. Of the population of the Prison one-third are practically uneducated and one-eighth are totally illiterate. I might mention one thing which contradicts the theory of many penologists. It is often stated that we never see a desperate prisoner who is a musician. I must say that I am often impressed by the musical ability of our prisoners. They are as a rule musical, and delight in singing. If you could hear the four hundred men in the Central Prison sing *Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?* or *The Glory Song*, you would be surprised.

"In dealing with children who are delinquents, the minds of too many people turn to thoughts of brick and mortar. When a child goes wrong, the suggestion made is that he be sent to some home. I am an uncompromising enemy of institutional life for children except as a last resort. I have had exceptional opportunities of studying the boys who formerly came here in transit to the reformatory at Penetanguishene, now, by the way, a reformatory no longer, and my observation assures me that in nearly every case the child is more sinned against than sinning. Ignorant magistrates also often commit boys for trivial offences such we have nearly all committed in our youth. The only person who should pass judgment on a lad is his father."

Dr. Gilmore also referred to the system of sentencing as being defective. He thought that an offender should be locked up until he is fit to come out, and that he should be allowed his freedom as long as his moral health permits. He expressed views which were not in agreement with the address given the same day by Mr. William P. Archibald, Dominion Parole Officer, before the Canadian Club. Mr. Archibald spoke strongly in favor of the parole system, stating that a very small percentage of those who were given their parole were returned to prison. Dr. Gilmore thought that the parole system could not be effective as at present operated. He thought that a prisoner when released should feel that he must decide for himself as to his conduct, while under the system in vogue too much is left for the Minister of Justice to decide for him. Dr. Gilmore suggested that first sentences be as light as possible. He recommended that incorrigible boys be flogged as a last resort before being imprisoned, and referred to the unwisdom of coddling prisoners who brutally neglect their families, leaving those dependent upon them to suffer more than themselves. He said that sixty per cent. of all persons committed to prison are returned for a second term, and forty per cent. for a third term. He urged that every effort should be made to prevent the first conviction. "The strongest hope of the worst," quoted the Doctor, "is loving contact with the best." He also pointed out that the saying that there are "No bad weeds, only bad cultivators," is especially true of the human race. He concluded by urging the responsibility of society in the matter of seeking to enlighten and uplift the class of people who from ignorance and neglect in youth become anti-social units. He also urged that we give the criminal who has served a term a fair chance to reform by helping him along when he leaves prison, instead of constantly holding up his past record against him.

At the conclusion of Dr. Gilmore's address a number of other speakers were invited to express opinions on the subject in hand, and in so doing they disagreed with him on certain points. Mr. J. J. Kelso thought that no boy or girl was too bad to be reformed by means of moral suasion. Mr. James L. Hughes also favored reasoning gently with the pernicious young, and thought that birching was never necessary and invariably did more harm than good. Mrs. Torrington, who occupied the chair, pointed out that because the men in the Central Prison were able to lustily sing *The Glory Song* it was no evidence that they were musicians. If Dr. Gilmore had been asked to reply he would no doubt have been able to further justify his opinions.

As to corporal punishment of either juvenile or hardened lawbreakers much can be said. In the United States many of the sanest newspapers are at the present moment urging that brutal offenders, such as wife-beaters, should be given the lash. This is a point that Dr. Gilmore might have made with effect before the members of the Women's Council. He, however, only counseled the birching of bad boys as a last resort before incarcerating them, with the hope of keeping them off the criminal list. The main point in dealing with misdemeanants, old or young, is that the punishment be meted out with judgment. The same rule applies to all corrective discipline, whether it be a birching in the nursery or a term in prison. If it is necessary to beat a child, he should receive his taste of the rod in such a manner that he will comprehend that he is being disciplined, not because his father or his mother is angry with him, but because he has done something wrong which he must not do again. The criminal thrown into prison should be given to understand that his punishment is not a form of uncom-

promising revenge on the part of society for violating its laws, but an inevitable outcome of his folly. When the child or the criminal ceases to offend, the matter should be considered disposed of. In dealing with thoroughgoing, persistent criminals no coddling ought to be indulged in. Undoubtedly some of them deserve the lash. This is about the only sort of punishment that is punishment to certain brutish men, the only kind that their besotted senses can feel or that their insensate minds can fear. When a man shows a tendency to reform, however, he should be encouraged in this direction, and the paroled prisoner or the released criminal should be relieved as far as possible of the stigma attaching to him because of his prison record. HAL.

The "Pinafore" Performance.

The performance of *H. M. S. Pinafore* at the Princess Theater during the early half of the week delighted the friends of the Argonauts, whose amateur efforts proved most satisfactory to the large audiences present. Mr. E. H. Bissett as *Sir Joseph Porter* was ideally pompous, and Captain R. K. Barker as *Dick Deadeye* was a villain of requisite depravity, while Mr. A. T. Pike was an admirable *Captain Corcoran*. Mrs. Percival Dean as *Little Buttercup* was heard to advantage, while Miss Olive Clemes in the role of *Josephine* made such an impression that encores were enthusiastically demanded. Miss Bertha Crawford's soprano voice was heard at its best in an entr'acte solo and Miss Margaret George as *Hebe* was decidedly effective. Mr. R. L. Cowan was a dashing *Ralph Rackstraw*, while Mr. F. Gearing as *Bill Bobstay*, and Mr. F. Fulton as the *Boatswain*, were equal to the best *Pinafore* traditions. The scenery was realistically nautical and the stage management excellent. In fact the whole performance was a success to make glad the hearts of the Argonauts and to send them a good part of the way to Henley. A revival of this old-time comic opera also makes us realize the present poverty of productions which pretend to be in the same class. The jests and songs of other days have a flavor unknown to the authors of *Piff, Paff, Poff*.

The Signal Corps of the Queen's Own held a reunion banquet at the King Edward Hotel on Thursday evening, and, as usual with this smart set, the affair was a most happy and successful one, there being some forty guests gathered round the merry board which was lavishly decorated with flags and American Beauties. Mr. Tom Anderson was the genial chairman, and the toasts were responded to by Lieutenant Rupert Bruce, Lieutenant Rousseau Kleiser, Mr. Sidney Bunting, Mr. Heber Smith, Mr. Jack Hynes, and Mr. Frank Milne. The musical programme was rendered by Mr. Bert Morrison, Mr. Jack Madden and Mr. Allan Harvey, with a number of other cultured artists.



King Edward Hotel
Toronto



SHIRTS TO ORDER

MADE IN THE APPROVED COAT STYLE

IN THE "SHIRTS TO ORDER" DEPARTMENT

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE BEST MATERIALS ONLY. CUSTOMERS ARE THEREFORE ASSURED THAT EACH SHIRT IS OF STANDARD QUALITY.

Wm Pitt & Co

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Exclusive Designs and Fabrics for Spring.
Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-made Suits.
Handsome materials for Afternoon, Evening and Dinner Gowns.

MILLINERY. Hats for Early Spring wear.

GLOVES. Gloves in all the newest shadings and colorings. Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves.

CORSETS. The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. Corsets.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Tel. Main 888. 11 and 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

The Poetry

of line and curve is found supremely in the human form. Among the creations of man finely designed furniture holds a high place. Not easy to design but fully rewarding the worker are the masterpieces of line and form which we place from time to time in our showrooms. Always something worth seeing.

Elliott & Son, LIMITED

79 King St. W.

GOWANS KENT & CO

CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world

Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.

SPRING STYLES

Pleated Skirts



Our new models are now ready.

Skirts made to measurement from your own material.

Pleating of all kinds.

FEATHERBONE NOVELTY CO. Limited

266-274 KING ST. WEST

Tel. Main 3503

(Main 3504)

BRANCH OFFICE

108 Yonge St. Toronto

ROOM 16, BIRKS' BUILDING, MONTREAL

BLOOMING

Easter Flowers

You would be surprised if you could peep into our greenhouses and see the large quantities of flowers and plants in cultivation for Easter time.

There is a fine assortment of Roses, Carnations, Lilies and all the favorite spring flowers.

Send for price-list. We guarantee the delivery in good condition.

Dunlop's

5 King St. West

96 Yonge Street

Housekeepers' Helps

—SEE OUR STOCK OF—

CARPET SWEEPERS

CLOTHES WRINGERS

WASHING MACHINES

MANGLES

KNIFE CLEANERS

WATER FILTERS, Etc.

Rice Lewis & Son Limited

Cor. King and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

New Fabrics FOR SPRING and SUMMER Wash Dresses

An exhibition no one should miss. The fine qualities; the new weaves; the choice colorings, all must be personally inspected to be appreciated.

—Silk Organdies
—Linen Crepeleues
—Check Voiles
—Swivel Silks

ESTABLISHED 1864

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—Opposite the Post Office
Toronto



Modish Skirts

Select and Exclusive

As designers and tailors we court your inspection of our showing in Tailored Skirts.
Ladies' own material made up if desired.

The Skirt Specialty Co.
102 KING STREET WEST,
J. G. Mitchener, Mgr.
Phone Main 3449.

Children's Portraits

REQUIRE SPECIAL CARE, PATIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE. YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL AND SEE THE SPECIMENS ON VIEW AT MY STUDIO.

PERCIVAL DEAN,

Portraits by Photography
STUDIO—259 COLLEGE ST.
TELEPHONE—MAIN 5783.

dies

for Easter Stationery in the newest American designs.
JEWELRY PARLORS
JAS. D. BAILEY
75 Yonge, N.E. cor. King

LADIES

may save trouble and annoyance at home by sending the family washing to us.

Special Rates for this work are made by

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY
45 Elm Street
Phone 1580.

Easter

Since long before the Christian era, Spring's coming has been celebrated each year by gift-making and hospitality.

Diamond Hall's Stationery Department assists the Easter hostess with its stock of specially designed Invitations, Dinner Cards, Programmes, Tally Cards and Party Favors.

EASTER MONDAY
IS APRIL 10TH

**Ryrie Bros
LIMITED**
134-138 YONGE ST



Mr. Charles Boone, of the Manchester Regiment, now at Alderney, has been spending his leave at St. Moritz, Switzerland, and has taken to tobogganing there with enthusiasm and success. Before leaving St. Moritz he won on the Cresta, the Novice Cup and the McCormick Handicap Challenge Cup. The Cresta is over three-quarters of a mile in length, which Mr. Boone did in sixty-six seconds (the record time being 63.2), and was sure to have done even better with a little more practice. The Cresta is the great toboggan run of Switzerland, and Canadian prowess thereon is of interest to many lovers of the sport in this country.

This evening Miss Lena Hayes gives a violin recital in Conservatory Hall, assisted by Mr. Douglas Bertram, pianist, Dr. Frederic Nicolai, cellist, and Miss Jessie Perry. The patronesses are Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Boyd, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Hugh Langton, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, and Mrs. H. D. Warren. The programme is excellent.

Mrs. Thorold and her daughter, Miss Elsie Thorold of Stratford, guests of Mrs. Mabey, left for home on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Thorold is continuing his visit to his daughter, Mrs. Mabey, and Miss Jean Fraser of Stratford arrived also on a visit on Wednesday.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones is giving luncheons at Llawhaden next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. George Carruthers, who has been visiting her parents in Port Huron, and friends in other cities, was in town early this week, and left on the 1.45 train for Winnipeg on Tuesday afternoon. She was at the King Edward and looked the picture of health and beauty.

Colonel and Mrs. Evans left for Winnipeg on the Tuesday midday train, which was so full that it was impossible for several intending travellers to secure suitable accommodation. They had a pleasant week in Toronto with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat and were entertained continually.

I was talking on Tuesday with a very enterprising and clever woman on the prospects for another luncheon and tea-room down town, and really it seems that the many smart people who are obliged to be there, what with dressmakers, milliners, the spring openings and the shopping for families and projected travels, would find another tea-room in the heart of the shopping district a distinct blessing. The woman said that chops, baked potatoes, bovril, etc., should also be served, as there were many shoppers who could not get home in time for luncheon, and had not spare time to wait their turn at the only fashionable lunch-rooms. "Dainty and quick service, plenty of fresh air, and enough room to turn around," were the three things she said people needed. Her ideas seemed very good, and will probably be set to practical uses before long.

Mrs. and Miss Eisdell sailed on Saturday from New York. During their week in that city they had a busy time sightseeing and shopping, and friends looked after them exceedingly well.

The officers of the Woman's Thursday Musical Club, elected at the annual meeting last week are: President, Mrs. Warren; First Vice-President, Madame Farini; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Tower Ferguson; Treasurer, Mrs. Eagan, and Secretary, Miss Grace Boulton.

Mr. Gilbert A. Gilbert of Montreal, who has been spending the last eight months in Paris, returned to Canada on the *Sicilian*, and spent a day in Toronto last week. He was one of the pleasant coterie who went over last July to Havre on the new Canada-France Allan service.

Some of the Toronto representatives at the Congress of Chambers of Commerce in London on July 8 are to be Mr. Kemp of Castle Frank, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. R. J. Christie and Colonel Denison of Heydon Villa.

Mr. Frederick Broughall, son of Rev. A. J. Broughall, is to be general manager of the new Sterling Bank. I hear that Mr. Wallace Bruce of the Sovereign, lately moved from Newmarket to Chatham, has been moved again, and is now back in Toronto as assistant manager. Mr. and Mrs. Baby Bruce are with Mr. Lampert in Jarvis street.

Mr. Morton Jones, who is known so well in church, musical and legal circles in Toronto, went last week to Lethbridge, Alberta, where he has entered into partnership with a leading lawyer. Mr. Jones was organist of St. Phillip's church, and a valued member of the Mendelssohn Choir.

Chamberlain Chapter did itself proud on Saturday, and nothing but praise, congratulations and pleasure was in the air, during and after the matinee musicale given under the auspices of that energetic section of the I.O.D.E. The music was well chosen and excellently rendered, Mr. R. S. Pigott's Irish recitations (Moira O'Neill's poems) were delicious, and the little dainty piece of resistance, Austin Dobson's *Good-night, Babette*, with Liza Lehmann's charming setting, was as pretty a *morceau* as ever delighted a discriminating audience. For almost the best thing about Chamberlain Chapter's matinee was the audience, *creme de la creme* of society, art, and music, with some lights of learning and quite a number of dear elderly ladies, Loyalists to the last breath, and mightily pleased at the success of the afternoon. Miss Constance Rudyerd Boulton, Regent of the Chamberlain Chapter, was radiant with gratification and delight. "I never dared hope for such a success!" she said, and had withal many a nice little word of thanks for the clever people, professional or amateur, who made it go so well. Little Miss Jean Nesbitt played splendidly; handsome Frank Blackford was a treat to listen to, and the charming scrap of daintiness, *Babette*, and the old, old French gentleman, *Messieur Vieuxbois*, who, losing memory and strength, dreamed of some sweetheart of long ago, then recalled to the present muttered, "But I grow old, and I forget—Good-night, Babette!" made their brief appearance an unforgettable pleasure. Miss May Perry, pink as a rose, plump and golden-haired, in her Normandy cap and blue peasant gown, was as graceful and at her ease in her little stage business, as if she had acted for years. Her personal charm was a strong factor for success. Mr. Douglas Paterson, in his invalid cushioned chair, with a rug wrapping his knees, and shaking, thin, white hands, was made up beyond chance of recognition. The mothers of the two were among the audience, Mrs. Perry nervous for her little daughter, Mrs. Paterson assured of her clever son's powers. Mrs. Shenstone (formerly Kittie Paterson) was with her mother. Mrs. Boulton also enjoyed the success of the Chamberlain Chapter, of which

her daughter is Regent. The proceeds of the matinee are to be divided; after the Chapter's share of the cost of the flag for the battleship *Dominion* is paid, the remainder of the money will be used for enlarging and developing the usefulness of the Chapter. Mrs. Land, Miss Cooke and several other valued members were zealous in furthering the triumph of the afternoon, and to Mr. Pigott is due the artistic management of the concert and little *bonne-bouche*, *Good-night, Babette*, his sure and perfect taste and knowledge being most evident.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee left on Wednesday morning for New York, where she will visit Mrs. George Massey until she sails next Tuesday for the Continent. Latest news from India tells that Major Selwyn will accompany his wife and children out, and with them will visit Mrs. Lee here this summer.

Mrs. Matthews honored the visit of her daughter, Mrs. Jack Ross's friend, Mrs. Nicholson, from Sydney, C.B., by giving a smart little tea on the 22nd at her home in St. George street, to which guests were invited to meet Mrs. Nicholson. Miss Matthews, her guest *d'hiver*, Miss Barrow, and Miss Jessie Johnson waited on the ladies, among whom were Mrs. Henry of Halifax, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Armour of Montreal, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. and Miss Case, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, and some others.

Mrs. Cowan is with her sister, Mrs. Phillips of Grosvenor street, who has been *hors de combat* from a fall.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles O'Reilly have returned from England. During their stay in London Dr. O'Reilly was presented to King Edward at a recent *levee*.

Next Wednesday Mr. Norman G. Evans of 82 Spadina road, and Miss Helen M. Goldsmith of Maplehurst, Belleville, are to be married at the latter city.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin of Rosedale are in Cairo.

The amateur comedy of three acts, *Facing the Music*, which is to be given next month in Stratford, was rehearsed for the first time this week. Stratford has a lively and energetic "Old Boys' Association," under whose auspices the comedy will be produced, and who are noted for success in patronage. Mr. Tom Delamere takes the part of *Dick Desmond*, Miss Jean Fraser, now visiting in town, plays *Miss Fotheringay*, and Miss Elsie Thorold takes the role of *Mrs. Ponting*, a housekeeper who cannot be overlooked. I hear of several Toronto people who intend tripping up to Stratford to the play.

Mrs. J. J. Dixon is giving a bridge in her new home in Cluny avenue, Rosedale, next Tuesday afternoon. I hear the house is charmingly arranged and most beautiful and artistic in furnishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Laycock are *en pension* at Bonny Castle, and the three fine blue Persian cats, which are the lady's pets, are the envy of all lovers of the feline race who have seen them. They were prize-winners at a big show in England, I am told.

I hear of a marriage soon to be celebrated between a Toronto bachelor and a widow, who has a fine family of six. Both parties now reside in town.

Numerous small teas, heaps of bridges of two or three tables, and several quiet dinners, down town, or at home, with two smart supper parties on Wednesday and Thursday, after the *Pinafore* performances, have been society's engagements this week. Next and the following weeks, Passion and Holy weeks, are very quiet.

Mr. and Mrs. Innes of Simcoe announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Christie Anna Innes, to Howard William Hamilton Nelles, M.D., of Toledo, O. Their marriage will take place in St. Paul's church immediately after Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ransom Hardy Nelles of "Sunnyside," Simcoe, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ellen Leila Nelles and Mr. Charles Edward Innes of the same place. Their marriage will take place in St. Paul's church in Easter week.

The arrival of H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, in British Columbia is a pleasant warning that the Horse Show will be here in four weeks' time. The auction sale of boxes, in which there is a great deal of interest, will take place as usual at the King Edward Hotel on Tuesday, April 17th. The formal opening of the Show will take place on Wednesday, April 25th, although the entries in the classes are so numerous that it may be necessary to have some of the events brought off on the previous evening, which has usually been dress rehearsal night. The Horse Show promises to be a very brilliant one socially. The Prince, it is understood, will remain over for the Thursday and will attend the Horse Show both on Wednesday and Thursday. He will be entertained by the Horse Show Committee at luncheon on Wednesday and dinner on Thursday. I hear that His Honor will be entertaining in an appropriately princely scale during H. R. H.'s visit with him at Government House. A quiet dinner on Saturday, a great State dinner on Monday evening, and a small dinner on Wednesday evening comprise His Honor's hospitalities. Mr. George W. Beardmore, chairman of the Horse Show, entertains the Prince also at luncheon, as will the Toronto Club at dinner. The same week also Madame Albani says goodbye to Toronto, and will sing the *Redemption* with the Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra. That will be on Monday, April 23rd.

Professor John Duxbury of Manchester, England, whose recitals last year in Toronto were so enthusiastically received, will return to the city about the end of April.

Louise Gunning and Mrs. Finnegan of New York will be guests of Dr. Davies at the Strolling Players' studio this afternoon.

Mrs. R. S. Smellie and the Misses Smellie of 34 Avenue road will not receive again until their return from the Island in the autumn.

A little bird has been telling me of another wedding to take place in June, the popular bride being the daughter of an Anglican rector in Parkdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham Allen have taken Mr. Plumb's flat in the St. George, while Mr. Plumb is abroad.

It is not generally known that Mr. J. Kennedy, whose new photographic studio at 107 King street west is attracting so much favorable notice, is an active member of the most prominent photographic association in the world. The Photographers' Association of America counts Mr. Kennedy one of its interested members and earnest workers. By close and intimate association through this body with the leading photographers of the United States Mr. Kennedy keeps in touch with all that is progressive and up-to-date in his art. His attendance upon the annual convention at St. Louis was productive of good results, of which the new studio is perhaps not the least important.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Bottled only at the Apollinaris Spring, Neuenahr, Germany, and Only with its Own Natural Gas.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTIONS

FIT FOR A PRINCE

Codou's French Macaroni
Codou's French Vermicelli

The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it
All best Dealers sell it

Nothing Approaches in Purity and Fine Quality

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa

(Maple Leaf Label)

COWAN'S MILK CHOCOLATE, CROQUETTES,
WAFERS, CAKES, MEDALLIONS, Etc.

The Cowan Co., Limited, Toronto

JAHN & SON'S CUCUMBER CREAM

is very essential just now, when the face and hands need a tonic more than at any other season of the year. Price 60c. and \$1.00 a jar, post-paid.

**ELECTRICAL
FACE MASSAGE**
given by experts with the only instrument of its kind in Canada.

JAHN & SON
73 1/2 King St. West

JULES & CHARLES



SCALP SPECIALISTS

Paris Newest Method of Electro Scalp Massage.

Only cure to prevent falling of Hair, Premature Greyness, Dandruff, etc. Messrs. Jules & Charles daily in personal attendance.

J. & C. Green Soap

Best preventative for dandruff, gives the hair a beautiful silky glossy appearance.

Jules & Charles

431 Yonge St. Phone 2498.

Wincarnis

LIOLA LOTION

for chapped hands and face. Nice for after shaving.

LIOLA CREAM

It is a skin food adapted for ladies before using powder.

W. H. LEE

King Edward Drug Store.

Huyler's Candies.

IZOD'S CORSETS

World-Renowned

are the best corsets to wear

Because

they best fulfil the necessary conditions of art and hygiene.

Because

they retain their shape longest and wear best.

Because

they represent the highest standard in sterling worth and honest value.

In White or Dove

Coutille. Price—\$2.25 per pair.

These Corsets are scientifically designed to preserve and improve the symmetry and beauty of the figure, and they carry out their purpose.

Awarded Certificate of Merit at the London Hygienic Institute.

To be had in various designs from

E. STONE & CO.

100 King St. West TORONTO.

Pember's Toupees

No other toupee so nicely overcomes the disadvantages of partial baldness. The natural scalp parting gives this toupee the most complete appearance of the wearer's own original hair.

Satisfaction fully guaranteed.

Write for Catalogue.

PEMBER'S Hair Emporium

127-129 Yonge St., Toronto

Prof. Blanchard

SURGEON CHIROPODIST

IN ATTENDANCE AT

PEMBER'S, 129 Yonge Street

Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives

SUPPORTED BY

DOLLARS

Contributed by the Public on account of

LOVE AND HUMANITY

SEND TO

H. C. Hammond, Treasurer

21 Jordan St., Toronto

CARNAHAN'S

Pharmacy

Carlton & Church, Toronto.

Prescriptions, Perfumes

and Sundries.

Telephone Main 2196.

Also East Toronto Tel. Beach 17

By appointment Purveyors to His Excellency the Governor-General

The Harry Webb Co., Limited

CATERERS

For ...

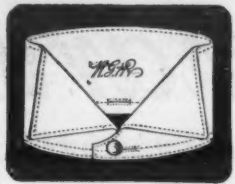
Weddings

Banquets

Receptions

and other entertainments in town or country. Catalogue Free.

447 Yonge St., Toronto.



FAIRFAX

By actual test it has been proven that linen collars give the best resistance to laundry wear and tear.

Do you think of that when you are buying, or do you just ask for "a collar"?

It will pay you to wear to insist on

FAIRFAX LINEN COLLARS
20 cents each. 3 for 60 cents.
All styles, all sizes.

Makers, Berlin, Canada.

Prescriptions

Andrew Jeffrey,

Yonge and Carlton Streets.



Gole's
Limited

Caterers

and

Manufacturing

Confectioners

719 Yonge Street

Phones—N. 2004.
N. 2006.

Grand Festival Production of Gounod's Masterpiece,

REDEMPTION

by the TORONTO FESTIVAL CHORUS and ORCHESTRA, Dr. F. H. Torrington, Conductor, with MME.

ALBANI

and members of her company as soloists. Her final appearance in Toronto.

MASSEY HALL, MON. APRIL 23rd

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1.50, \$2.00. Subscription list now open at Massey Hall.

C. J. TOWNSEND

Salvage Sale

at 66-68 King St. East

TORONTO

We will sell by auction to the HIGHEST BIDDER

Regardless of any price whatever

the whole of the SALVAGE from the late FIRE, comprising

PAINTINGS and WATER COLORS

PERSIAN RUGS

Plate Mirrors and Cheval Glasses

Brass Fenders and Fire Irons

Carved Ivory Figures

Satsuma Ware

Cloisonne Ware

Bronze Dinner Gongs and Iron

Kettles

Imari Placques and Figures

Blue and White Indian Pottery

Indian Brass Ware

French Field Glasses

Cut Glass Ware

SHEFFIELD SILVERS and TRAYS

The Sale Commences on Tuesday

Afternoon, April 3rd, at 2.30 p.m., and continues Every Morning and Afternoon until all is sold completely out.

ATTEND THIS SALE

GREAT BARGAINS will be the order of the day.

C. J. Townsend & Co., Auctioneers

MISS PORTER

Easter Cards and Booklets

Novelties for Easter Giving

Real Lace a Specialty

109 KING STREET WEST,
Phone Main 1158.

PHONE MAIN 2660.

PRESCRIPTIONS

G. W. Ferrier

Chemist

233 College St. Toronto

YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.

III.



MR. CHARLES A. BOONE,
Lieutenant 2nd Battalion The Manchester Regiment.
Graduate Brighton Military College, 1900.

Social and Personal.

Miss Cramp of Haverhill College gave an interesting paper on William Watson at a meeting of the Tennyson Club in Annesley Hall last Tuesday night. At the concluding meeting of the season on April 10th, Professor A. E. Lang will lecture on the modern drama.

Mrs. Edmund Phillips and Miss Muriel Phillips sail for England on the *Canada* in May. They will spend a couple of months visiting friends in the Old Land.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small will shortly reside in the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, 70 Walmer road, which Mr. Small has bought. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon will spend the summer in the country, having taken a house in Kingston road. Mrs. Boit of Washington is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Sydney Small.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore has joined St. George's choir, and at matins to-morrow will sing Gounod's *There is a Green Hill Far Away*.

Dr. Adam Wright and the Misses Wright are going to England in May.

Mrs. Crosswaite of Calgary (*nee* Williams), sister of Mrs. D. D. Mann, at whose home in St. George street the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Crosswaite was celebrated some years ago, is now in town on a visit, and has her fine little son, Terence, with her. On Tuesday Mrs. Crosswaite was the guest of honor at a charming little *intime* given by an old friend, at which the score or so of guests were nearly all intimates, and at which Mrs. Brydon assisted the hostess. A few of those who enjoyed the bright hour were Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Alec Mackenzie, the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Calderwood, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Willison and Mrs. Thistle, Mrs. Laird, Mrs. Arthur Hills. Many pleasant little festivities have brightened Mrs. Crosswaite's visit.

Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison will remove shortly from the St. George to their new house in Prince Arthur avenue.

A luncheon arranged in honor of Madame Maconda for Tuesday was obliged to be cancelled on account of the indisposition of the guest of honor, who was confined to her room by a very bad throat.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has accepted a very good offer from the Chickering firm in connection with the making of clavichords and harpsichords, and the family will reside for some years in Cambridge, Mass. A very distinct interest has arisen in the quaint, sweet-toned instruments of olden days, and Mr. Dolmetsch has imparted some of his own enthusiasm to the leaders and teachers of music in the United States, and I understand they will introduce the clavichord and harpsichord in colleges of music.

The very serious condition of Mr. Dan Brooke's health, and his advanced age (83), has been cause of anxiety to his family. At time of writing the old gentleman was in a precarious state.

Mrs. John D. Hay was unanimously elected President of the Ladies' Golf Club of Lambton at the annual meeting this week.

Mrs. Ferguson Burke gave a luncheon of twenty covers at the Arlington on Tuesday for Mrs. Ferguson of Kemptville. The guests were Mrs. and Miss Whitney, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. and Miss St. John, Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. Mabee, Mrs. and Miss Montgomery, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Percy Scholfield, Mrs. John Macdonald, Miss Falconbridge, Miss Burnham, Miss Gooderham.

The fortnightly reception at Government House and one or two small teas were Thursday afternoon's engagements.

The Hunt Club was unusually jolly last Saturday evening when four hosts gave dinners, and the usual excellent music lured to the dance afterwards. Now that gentle Spring has shown her face for half a week, the exodus to this charming resort, which usually falls off during the inclement weeks of March, will set in in full force. Some enthusiasts have kept up the weekly reunions all through the winter also.

What funny things one sees if one has eyes! The other evening a young husband met a fascinating woman friend, who was only in town for a few hours. A moment's chat resulted in a telephone message being sent to his home that he was detained down town and would dine with a friend. They dined, but it so happened that the better half, not relishing a dinner alone, sent for a woman friend and invited her to dine at a smart hotel. When the two ladies entered the dining-room they were escorted to a table next one at which hubby and the fascinating traveller were having a grand time. Hubby and wife exchanged glances, then the latter complained of a draught, and had her own and friend's places changed as

far as possible. To an onlooker who was "wise" the future was interesting.

The Edmonton Saturday *News* records in connection with the "opening" at the new capital of Alberta, that Mrs. Donald Macdonald (*nee* Kerr of Cobourg) entertained several prominent persons, and has her bright little sister, Miss Mabel Kerr, on a visit with her. The "opening" took place in the Thistle Rink, and the Cobourg ladies are thus mentioned in the account of it in the *News*: "Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald wore a smart white serge suit, the skirt being trimmed with a quantity of heavy lace insertion. The coat was of Louis Quinze design, the broad collar and deep cuffs of white corded silk being edged with gold. Below the elbow sleeves fell cascades of deep cream lace. The separate waistcoat of white corded silk was heavily encrusted with gold. A large white leghorn picture hat was worn, trimmed with long white ostrich plumes, tipped with gold, a wreath of green foliage lying on the brim. Mrs. Macdonald wore pearl ornaments and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of carnations and maidenhair fern. Miss Mabel Kerr, daughter of Senator Kerr of Cobourg, Ontario, was with her sister, Mrs. Macdonald, and was also gowned in white, her dainty costume being of cream serge, over which was worn a long pale blue coat. Her large picture hat was of cream lace, trimmed with white ostrich feathers and touches of pale blue velvet. She carried a huge shower of carnations and maidenhair fern."

More like mid-season than mid-Lent has been the *mise en scene* at the Princess on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, when a very high-class performance of Sullivan's *Pinafore* was given by Mr. Schuch's singers and members of the Argonaut Rowing Club, assisted by two or three other clever folk. The house was packed on each night, the audience in gala attire, the boxes overflowing with admirers of the Argos and the performance, and decorated with the colors of the club. Every one was delighted with the performance and the hesitation or embarrassment nearly always attending an amateur performance not conspicuous by its absence. *Sir Joseph Porter*, in his High Admiral's glad garments, and "garter" of blue, with the broken squeak in his voice at the most inflated moments, was high comedy and finished art. Mr. Bissett is in private life one of the most amusing study that looked professional and carried conviction. A tribute of a suspicious-looking flask tied with Argo ribbons was his reward for some particularly good business as the morose *Dick*. *Ralph Rackstraw* evidently had a cold, and the way he husbanded his voice for the *Farwell, My Own*, of the latter part of the play, was the admiration of experts. Mr. Cowan made a manly and sturdy folksal man, and his sweetheart *Josephine*, as played by Miss Olive Clemen, charmed all with her sweet, full voice. *Little Buttercup* was a poem in red, surely so dainty a bum-boat woman never upset traditions and mixed up babies, to sort them out at the the psychic second. Miss George, in a ravishing hat and frock of mauve with her coterie of relations was very fetching as *Sir Joseph's* cousin *Hebe*; Miss George looked the part and sang with vim and sweetness. The *bonne-bouche* of the evening occurred in the *entr'acte* when four dainty little persons, sailor boys and sailor girls, danced the prettiest hornpipe ever seen in Toronto.

Miss Dottie Lamont, who is still *facile princeps* in grace and lightness was the *premiere* in this charming bit of sailor life, while the Misses Muriel Parker, Eva Cuthbert and Violet McKnight danced with her. The wee *Midship-mite*, Master Harold Davies, with his big telescope, and the demure *Quakeress* with her one high jump, were the darlings of the gods and the lesser folk below stairs.

Captain Corcoran was well played by Mr. Pike, and the *Boatswain* and *Bill Bobstay*, Mr. Fulton and Mr. Gearing, sang and acted well. The stage setting of the deck of the *Pinafore*, with cabin and "bridge," was very pretty, and when the moon went out and scooted up into the "flies," before the curtain was half down, astronomers chuckled with glee. Everyone in town seemed to be there on one or other evening, and space quite fails for an adequate list of those present. The Argos have no reason to complain of Toronto's support of their very excellent and pretty performance.

Mrs. R. P. Glasgow of Detroit has been visiting Mrs. Jean Blewett, and has been the guest of honor at some of the prettiest teas and luncheons of the month. She left for her home the first of this week.

The Irish *Times*, in giving an account of the Drawing-room held at the Castle by the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, has the following description of the toilettes of two Toronto ladies: "Mrs. F. T. Whittemore, 3 Longford terrace, Monkstown (and Toronto)—Gown of cream Duchesse satin, with appliques, and girdle of gold, opals and pearls; train of richest heliotrope Irish poplin, trimmed Limerick lace, and lined satin; Court plume and lappets. Ornaments, gold and emeralds. Miss Sophie Whittemore, 3 Longford terrace, Monkstown (and Toronto)—Presentation gown of dewdrop chiffon over satin, with girdle and trimmings of pearl and silver embroidery; train of rare silver, trimmed chiffon; Court plume and lappets. Ornaments, pearls." Mrs. and Miss Whittemore have been visiting a titled relative in Ireland, who has given them a most interesting and privileged look into smart circles. They will probably remain there, for the relative with whom they are is of advanced years. Lafayette requested Mrs. Whittemore to grant him a sitting for the album he is making for Lady Aberdeen of the principal guests at the Drawing-room.

Love and the Tariff.

An Amendment to a Very Old Proverb Concerning Love and Locksmiths.

There is an old proverb to the effect that love laughs at locksmiths, and it is now said also that love laughs at a protective tariff. The particular example from which this new proverb is deduced is supplied by a prominent firm in this city, who have been sending some of their products into the State of New York. The circumstances relate to a young professional man who went from Canada some months ago to reside in Elmira, N.Y. There he fell in love with a charming young lady, who, by the way, had an idea that nothing good, save the young man in question, could come out of Canada. The wedding day was fixed, and the bridegroom decided to prove the progress of his country by giving the bride a wedding gift manufactured in Toronto, telling her in the meantime that nothing better was manufactured in the United States. Naturally she was dubious, until the present arrived. It was a Goulay piano, an instrument so elegant in tone and so beautiful in finish that the young lady was more than delighted with it. The American protective duty on pianos is very high, but it is no higher than the opinion the bride now has of this country, due entirely to the practical patriotism of the young Canadian abroad. By the way, the Goulay is rapidly making a name for itself in all parts of the world. Messrs. Goulay, Winter & Leeming recently received an order from Tientsin, in China, and musicians everywhere are sending congratulatory letters concerning the durability, the finish and the tone of the piano. It is an instrument, its makers claim, that can challenge comparison with any upright piano of this continent.



THE HIGHEST GRADE INSTRUMENTS
MADE IN CANADA

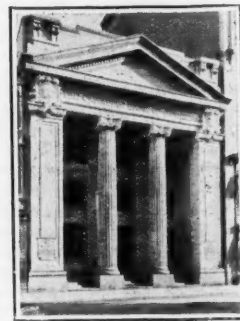
THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000. Rest, \$4,500,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

B. E. WALKER, General Manager. ALEX. LAIRD, Asst. Gen'l Manager.

YONGE AND QUEEN BRANCH



The new office of the Bank, at Nos. 197-9 Yonge street, a few doors above Queen street, is situated in the heart of the retail shopping district, adjacent to the large departmental stores, and offers special facilities to women who shop at these stores for both housekeeping and savings accounts. Every convenience, including a woman's writing-room, has been provided for customers.

R. CASSELS, Manager.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

Main Office, 21-25 King street west. 197-9 Yonge street, near Queen.
Corner Bloor and Yonge streets. Corner Queen and Bathurst streets.
Queen East, corner Grant street. Corner College street and Spadina Ave.
Market, 163 King street east. Corner Yonge and College streets.
Parliament street, corner Carlton st. Parkdale, 1331 Queen street west.

An Enjoyable way to Cure "Grippe"

When you feel that "Grippe" feeling coming on wend your way to Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths. Make known your trouble on entering the Bath. You will then be given in charge of an experienced attendant, who will give you treatment suitable for your trouble; it will be one of the most delightful experiences you ever had.

The Grippe having vanished, you then feel like enjoying one of Cook's celebrated English Chops or a delicious Steak, served in the Turkish Lounge Rooms. If you feel like remaining all night excellent sleeping accommodation or private sleeping rooms are provided. In the morning, after a beautiful night's rest, a dip in the Marble Swimming Bath, and a dainty breakfast, you will be then ready to return to the outside world cured and feeling like a new man.

Your very pleasant experience will make you a constant patron and a lasting advertiser for

Cook's Turkish & Russian Baths

202 and 204 King Street West



Faultless

This describes both the food and the service in the new "Dutch Grill Room" recently opened at the St. Charles.

Torontonians who have been wishing for an eating-place of this kind, the equal of the best in New York or London, will find their requirements more than satisfied here.

For luncheon, dinner or after the theater. Open Sundays.

THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
70 YONGE STREET (Just below King)

Selecting Wall Paper

is not a task but a pleasure if done here. There is such a wealth of pretty patterns, such a wide range of styles.

For Any Room

in the house we can show you appropriate and artistic papers. Estimates and sketches submitted for decorating in all its branches. Hardwood floors laid and finished.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO



BANK STOCKS

We have prepared the following:—
A study of all Canadian Banks, covering a ten-year period and position at end of 1905.
Separate individual analyses of the records of most of the Banks for the ten years, 1896-1905.
We shall be pleased to mail a copy of the former and one or more of the latter on request.

A. E. AMES & CO.,
TORONTO LIMITED.

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COY.

PRESIDENT
HON. GEO. A. COX
VICE-PRESIDENTS
R. R. WOOD F. G. COX
CAPITAL (Subscribed) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (Paid-Up) 1,500,000
RESERVE FUND 1,000,000
R. R. WOOD, Managing Director.
G. A. MORROW, Asst. Manager.
W. S. HODGENS, Secretary.

THE IMPERIAL TRUSTS COMPANY OF CANADA.

Geo. H. Gooderham, Pres.
4 per cent
Allowed on all deposits—subject to withdrawal by cheque.
T. J. P. GIBSON, Manager.
Head Office 16-18 Adelaide St. East

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND

Public Accountant and Auditor, McKinnon Building, Toronto—Room 510. Phone M. 1301.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, announce the arrival of large shipments of electric fixtures, many of which have been specially designed for them by one of the largest manufacturers in this line in Birmingham, Eng.
A large assortment of French Bronzes has also arrived from Paris and they are now displayed in the Art Show Rooms of the Company.
The prices of these goods are very reasonable and an early inspection of the stock is advised while the assortment is large, as sales will probably be made very rapidly.

The Toronto Electric Light Co.,
LIMITED
12 Adelaide Street East

Charles Potter
Optician
85 Yonge St.
TORONTO

C. S. PETRY,
Proprietor

KENNEDY Shorthand School

At the typewriting contests in Chicago last week, one of our pupils, Miss Rose L. Fritz, won the Blindfold Championship, the Ladies' Championship, and the Championship of the World.

This is the greatest record ever made by any school in any country.

Let us send you particulars about the Kennedy School—the best shorthand school in the world.

9 Adelaide Street East
Toronto

Putting Off Winter Clothing?

You'll soon have to. Take time by the forelock and send your light-weight overcoat here to be cleaned or dyed and made like new again.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
401 and 793 Yonge St., 39 King St. West, 473 and 1304 Queen St. West, 477 Queen St. East.

The men who bought stock in Butte and Boston Copper in 1896 struck it rich. One hundred dollars invested in that way in that year is now worth \$7,900.

TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL

Montreal, March 29.

The addition of R. Wilson-Smith to the directorate of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, he having taken the place made vacant by the resignation of W. H. Plummer of Sault Ste. Marie, will add materially to the strength of the Board; for there can be no question but that the former gentleman is a financier of no mean ability. R. Wilson-Smith, who was then just plain R. W. Smith, without any hyphen, came out from England some fifteen years ago. He had a head for finance, and some little capital, and the first heard of him was through his dealings in city and provincial bonds. By means of these he made a ten strike or two, taking large blocks and selling again in England. Gradually he loomed into view in civic affairs, and, having the then managing editor of one of the big dailies as a close personal friend, he was boomed with persistence. So well was this done that when the time came for an Englishman to take the civic chair, Wilson-Smith landed the prize. While at the head of the civic government, he did some good work toward readjusting the city's finances, which were then in deplorable condition. The story of how the hyphen came to attach itself to this gentleman's name is not without its amusing features. It was at the time that Wilson-Smith was Mayor of Montreal. Captain E. J. Chambers, now Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was then attached to one of the Montreal dailies, and was doing City Hall work. One day, much for the fun of the thing, he hyphenated the name in one of his reports, and, persisting in it for a few days, the other papers took it up. Thereafter the use of the hyphen became universal in speaking of their Mayor, and later on the gentleman in question concluded it was useless to resist the improvement that had been made in his name, and adopted it himself. It prevents confusion with lesser Smiths.

Consolidated Lake Superior has progressed wonderfully since the undertaking came under the management of the present Board, and, with any kind of luck, it is dollars to doughnuts that the big Sault Ste. Marie plant will be on a paying basis before the Dominion Iron and Steel Company gets out of the financial underbrush. The Soo Company's rail-mill is turning out product at the rate of upward of 200,000 tons per annum, and these are being sold at a handsome profit. Of course, this is only one feature of a vast enterprise, but the balance are coming along. All that is required is sufficient surplus money to swing them, and this is being gradually accumulated. Probably the Consolidated Lake Superior Company owes its present success more to T. J. Drummond, its Vice-President, than to anyone else. The company required a practical man—cool, calculating, and beyond everything else careful. T. J. Drummond is all these thrown into one. It is wonderful how these Drummond boys, Tom and George, have come along in the business world within the past fifteen years or so. They started without a dollar, and now they are swinging heavy enterprises throughout Canada, and doing it successfully. In years both are on the right side of middle age; indeed, it is only a few years ago that they were boys. The Drummonds have, by the way, some handsome properties in the Cobalt district. These they obtained early last year before the world knew much of the possibilities of this section of Ontario. They are working the properties with care, with no idea of skimming off the surface and leaving the remainder to chance—the manner in which so many good mining claims are ruined in the early stages of development. The Drummonds believe Cobalt to be the richest mining section in the world, and they are not given to allowing enthusiasm to run away with their better judgment.

Montreal investors are awaking to the truth of G. B. Burdland's criticism that something besides big names are required on the directorates of many Boards. It is a well-known fact that it has become quite the fashion to add the names of Canada's foremost moneyed men to directorates without any idea that they will take an active interest in the enterprises. Can a man be an executive officer or director of anywhere from a dozen to twenty-five or thirty corporations and do himself and these organizations justice? It is doubtful. Call together hurriedly the directors of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, the Dominion Coal Company or any one of the Central or South American light, heat and power companies, such as the Mexican, and see if you can get a quorum. Probably not. Ask one of the directors of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company or the Dominion Coal Company respecting some point of investment, earnings, management or any detail which would ordinarily come under the eye of the directorate, and he will probably tell you that he knows nothing regarding it. And he is speaking the truth; he does not. Everything is left in the hands of the managing director, or the manager as it may happen, and the director, who, by virtue of his office, is presumed to keep a guarding eye upon the property, having accepted his trust from the stockholders, knows no more concerning the corporation in question than does the simple investor. Sir Montagu Allan is an officer or director in sixteen corporations, Sir Henry M. Pellatt in twenty-one, Sir William Van Horne in twenty, R. B. Angus in twelve, Hon. Robert Mackay in sixteen, E. R. Wood in thirteen, Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Henshaw in eighteen, Frederick Nicholls in twenty-eight, James Ross in sixteen, E. B. Osler in seventeen, and so it goes through the list. Many of the above gentlemen spend a considerable share of their time in Europe each year, and it is safe to say that there is not one of them conversant with the inner workings of a majority of the corporations in which their names figure. Unquestionably the original intention in granting corporate charters was that directors in each corporation should meet frequently, have full knowledge of its affairs, discuss them deliberately, and then exercise the best judgment of the whole body. Would it not be well for the law-makers of Canada to look to these points?

Of what use in actual practice is a Board of Directors, except as a fence to keep the shareholders from pestering the manager with troublesome questions? It is immoral.

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of the Crown Bank of Canada, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office in Toronto and at the Branches on and after Monday, the 2nd of April next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 21st March, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board. G. DE C. O'GRADY, General Manager.



MAJOR G. W. STEPHENS, Montreal.

and it should be illegal, for directors to traffic in the shares of the company they are connected with, or to profit over other shareholders by the knowledge they acquire as members of the Board. They acquire this knowledge in trust for all the shareholders. And yet are not directors every day increasing their fortunes by their inside information, while leaving the management of the companies they are connected with wholly in the hands of the general managers? It is a question whether the modern director is not so much of a farce, that he might better be abolished, leaving the manager wholly responsible to a president, the annual meeting and the shareholders' inspector.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada is not going to get the necessary rights to increase its capital by forty million dollars without a struggle. Mayor Ekers of Montreal and the members of the Council are after the Bell to compel it to place the wires underground, and until something of this sort is arranged there will be a great deal of opposition so far as Montreal is concerned. In this city, however, the municipalization of the telephone service has never received any serious consideration from the lawmakers nor the general public. With the exception of the overhead wire question the public here are well satisfied with the Bell Company's service, and do not consider they are overcharged.

On April tenth there will be a meeting of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company stockholders, the purpose being to ratify the purchase of the Keewatin Milling Company. It appears that the present owners of Keewatin are to receive Lake of the Woods bonds for their stock, or the bonds are to be guaranteed by the Lake of the Woods Company, which almost amounts to the same thing. The Keewatin people will pass over their stock, receive a guaranteed bond, which will be worth par on the market, and thus the transfer will be made.

Toronto, March 29.
Since the revelations brought out at the insurance investigation last week, some attempts have been made in certain quarters to create distrust in the security market. Aside from temporary declines in the prices of a few well-known foreign securities, the market for recognized Canadian issues of merit has not been influenced by the element referred to. The assertion that there are rafts of stocks held by insurance companies which will have to be liquidated is a sweeping charge, with little foundation in fact. Such a statement is easily traceable to the bears, they being at this time rather numerous. There are bears and bears. While one set talks loudly of prices being too high and that we are in for a smash, they are averse to selling. The other set, and they are comparatively few, back up their opinion by getting short of the market. Considering all things the local stock market acts well. There is apparently no great amount of stock for sale, and the unbeliever in our securities has always fared badly. The pessimist on General Electric, for instance, has little comfort. It seems strange, but it is a fact, that the short selling is generally near the bottom prices. When it is time to buy, the ordinary operator is found to be selling, and vice versa. The great activity in commercial pursuits, and the excellent outlook in the Dominion, are factors not to be ignored. After all it is earnings and prospects that decide values.

The industries in Canada are just now in good shape, and they are being developed with considerable energy. The Lake Superior Corporation is again getting on its feet, and the stock is now quoted at 20, while the bonds bring 53 to 54. A director of this company says that the output of steel rails will average 600 tons daily during this month, and that the total for March will be about 16,000 tons. The company has earned for the six months ended January 31st, \$500,000 net, and indications are that profits for the year will be more than a million dollars. If this proves true the October interest on the income bonds, it is expected, will be paid.

The Dominion Coal Company's business is also improving, and a good year is anticipated. There is nothing doing in the stock, however, but eventually shareholders will receive some compensation. Mr. E. L. Wanklyn, the Vice-President and General Manager of the company, announces that the mines have reached a new high record, the daily output being 14,000 tons of a quality which never looked better. The company has 165,000 tons of coal banked, and is ready to take advantage of an early opening of navigation.

Call loans made by our banks outside Canada decreased \$6,000,000 last month. This is attributed to the easier condition of the New York money market, and is evidence that the money can, at least for the present, be better employed at home. The figures of the February bank statement show that call loans in Canada increased \$1,350,000 during the month, while the commercial discounts at home exhibit an expansion of \$7,500,000. Another evidence of the general activity prevailing in domestic general trade is the fact that bank note circulation increased nearly \$1,500,000 in February, and the notes outstanding on the 28th ult., were \$62,434,000, as compared with \$58,828,000 a year ago, an increase of \$3,606,000. The ever-increasing demand for money is apparent by a comparison of the loans and discounts of our banks with a year ago. The loans and discounts of Canadian banks on the last day of February aggregated \$614,120,000, which was an increase of \$96,000,000 as compared with the figures of twelve months ago. To enable the banks to cope with this large increase in business, they had to depend chiefly upon increased deposits. The deposits amounted to \$569,140,000 on February 28th last, which was an increase of \$80,000,000 when compared with a year ago. In addition the paid-up capital of the banks increased \$5,500,000 during the same period, and the reserves increased about a similar amount.

It is little wonder that banks are seeking deposits. The establishment of numerous branches at all important centers of trade is primarily for this purpose. Our bankers must also be given credit for their faith in real estate.

Some of the best sites in the leading cities of the Dominion have been purchased by the banks, of course for the furtherance of their own business. The Banking Act of Canada prohibits dealings in real estate. The thirty-four banking institutions in Canada do business at over 1,300 branches scattered throughout the Dominion, each branch being under the direction of the head office. If such banking facilities a decade or two ago had been predicted by any one, he would have been thought a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. It was in the eighties that a highly respected bank president, now deceased, in discussing the opening of a city branch, said that he was

Dollar Making

The art of saving money is the art of making money. To start saving money requires a deposit of \$1.00 only in the

SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received.

Interest Paid 4 Times a Year

Put your money in a place where you can get it when you want it.

Main Office 28 King Street West.
Labor Temple Branch 167 Church Street.
Market Branch 168 King Street East.

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President.

J. TURNBULL, Vice-Prest. and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - 2,500,000
Total Assets - - 29,000,000

Savings Bank Department
at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of
Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

85 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

34 Yonge Street, Cor. Queen and Spadina. Cor. Yonge and Gould. Cor. College and Ossington.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

CAPITAL and RESERVE - \$5,986,540.00
ASSETS - 28,000,000.00

The condition of having money at immediate disposal and at the same time earning interest is one that should be enjoyed by all and is within the reach of all.

ON DOLLAR opens an account in the SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

37 King St. East. 365 Broadview Ave.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

10-Day Excursion

—TO—

WASHINGTON, D.C.

April 6th, 1906

ROUND TRIP \$10.00 FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Leave Suspension Bridge (N.Y.C. and H.R.R.R.) 7:55 a.m., 7:25 p.m.
Leave Niagara Falls (N.Y.C. and H.R.R.R.) 8:00 a.m., 7:30 p.m.

THROUGH TRAINS Lv. BUFFALO At. WASHINGTON 9:00 a.m., 9:00 p.m.
Lv. WASHINGTON At. BUFFALO 8:35 p.m., 8:45 a.m.

Pullman Parlor and P.R.R. Cafe Cars and Coaches on Day Express.
Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and Coaches on Night Express.

RETURNING, tickets will be good to stop off at Baltimore or Philadelphia, affording an opportunity to visit Atlantic City.

For tickets and additional information apply to Ticket Agents, N.Y.C. and H.R.R.R., or B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent, Buffalo District, Pennsylvania R.R., 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.

GEO. W. ROYD, General Passenger Agent.



Are you on the lookout for a Home?

THIS handsome residence is situated on one of the most prominent corners in South Parkdale, entirely new, every known improvement and many new features. For sale price and other particulars, see

ENGLISH,

48 Victoria Street.

HENRY CLAY CIGARS

A Cigar deservedly popular with critical smokers of Imported Cigars



Just arrived, the 'Naval Sizes,' the most successful Shapes of latest productions

Made in Havana (Cuba).

G. W. MULLER, 9 King Street West TORONTO

against such an innovation, giving as a reason for the stand he took, that in case of financial disaster overtaking the bank, the facilities for paying out money, should a run take place, would be doubled.

Last year the Dominion Government paid bounties on iron and steel amounting to \$1,900,000.

An official of a railway once got leave to get married, and was given a pass over the road. On his way back he gave to the ticket collector his marriage certificate instead of his pass. The latter studied it carefully for a few moments, and then said: "My man, you have got a ticket for a long, wearisome journey, but not on this railway."—New York "World."

CATARRH

The true Cause and the true Cure.

How and why "Fruit-a-lives" completely eradicates this disease from the system.

Catarrh means inflammation. Ordinary catarrh is inflammation of the nose cavity opening into the throat. This cavity receives all the air going to and from the lungs. Food and drink passes through it to the stomach. And the prime cause of catarrh is indigestion.

Because indigestion means an irritated stomach. This irritation spreads to the throat and nose. Belching gas keeps up the inflammation. The blood is impure and badly nourished. And nine times in ten, there is constipation and poor skin action.

The only way to cure Catarrh is to cure the cause of catarrh. Digestion must be improved—inflammation in stomach soothed—blood purified—and the liver strengthened so it will give up enough bile to make the bowels move regularly every day.

Fruit-a-lives

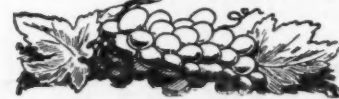
will always cure Catarrh of the throat and nose because these marvellous fruit tablets cure indigestion—sweeten the stomach—and eradicate all impurities from the blood by its stimulating and invigorating action on liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

Leave sprays, atomizers, powders and snuffs alone. Take "Fruit-a-lives" regularly—be careful of your diet—and catarrh will soon be a thing of the past.

One 50c. box of "Fruit-a-lives" will prove how effectively these tablets relieve catarrh—and will do you so much good that you will gladly continue the treatment until cured.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. If your drug-gist should not have them.

FRUIT-A-LIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



MOTHERS!

You haven't used

Convido
Port Wine

or your baby would not fret and look so puny.

SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE

Sold by all Dealers

D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto,
Sole Canadian Agent.



The slightly higher price of "Jaeger" garments is due to the careful selection and the thorough cleansing and purifying of the wool, and to the infinite care in its manufacture. You get the value in durability, comfort and satisfaction. In all sizes, styles and weights, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children; from leading dealers in all principal cities, or write for Catalogue No. 31.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.,
LIMITED,
2206 St. Catherine St. MONTREAL.

NEW SPRING VESTS

This week notes the opening up of our new English Vests, which comprises all the newest patterns.

The cut and fit of these is perfect, which gives that effect of smartness you are looking for.

Prices range from \$1.50 up. A look through our early spring lines will convince you of our high class goods for men's wear.

Sole agents for Toronto—Dr. Jaeger's Underwear.

Wreyford & Co.
85 King St. West

Athletics

The Golfer's Awakening.

THE season of winter and waiting is over. The note of the robin is heard on the air. And fresh from his resting the Golfer awakens. To welcome glad springtime, so winsome and fair. He casts from his presence his skates and his snowshoes. Those invites to Dances and Bridge—a bore! Then takes from a corner his faithful old Brassy. And whirling it fondly, he fiercely yells "Fore!" He thinks with regret of the time that's been wasted. At social receptions and such far-de-rais. When he might have been out on the golf links a-putting. Or knocking the life out of dollar golf balls. He sighs for the days and the long summer evenings. When he roams o'er the Links. Ah! he wants nothing more. But a chance to knock spots off his last season's record. And shout in his triumph that battle cry "Fore!" So here's to the Golfer, his bag and his Brassy. His Driver, his Lifter, his Putter, his Cleek. Soon may he reach, then, his heart's fond ambition. The crown that evades, yet compels him to seek. Alas! when he leaves us for realms undiscovered. We pray he may land on that beautiful shore Where the "greens" are all perfect, and golf balls are gratis. And obstacles melt, when he simply says "Fore!" *—E. W. HASTINGS WEBSTER.*
Brantford, Canada, 1906.

NOW that the hockey season has reached its conclusion, save for a few belated games in the far north or along the inlets of Georgian Bay, it would not be out of place to review the progress of the game. As far as the O.H.A. is concerned one has only to wait for the Secretary's report next Christmas to learn that the past season has been a triumph for amateur principles, that there have been more clubs and more players than ever, that all the championships were satisfactorily settled, that the Executive displayed its wisdom on innumerable occasions and all the other rigmarole and detail of an annual meeting. As all these points will be affirmed later on it is little use to dispute them now.

The success of the International professional league has undoubtedly given a great impetus to the system of professional players. The season of 1906 has brought Toronto many steps towards a professional team. There have been many indications that the hockey public in this city want first-class hockey and will heartily welcome a professional league that will bring about this desired result.

The past season has also shown the remarkable popularity of hockey in the States. The New York City league had a lengthy and well-contested schedule and the teams played before large and enthusiastic audiences. The Inter-University league was a pronounced success both from a financial and sporting point of view. Hockey has now an assured standing in Yale and Harvard, alongside of football and base-ball. The game in Pittsburgh, which has long been a hockey-center, was more popular than ever and it is likely that there will be teams next year in Buffalo, Chicago and Minneapolis, among other places.

It has long been the boast of the Englishman that his climate permits of more out-of-door activity than that of any other land. In spite of the inclemencies of our winter season, there are few months of the year in this country in which out-of-door sports are impossible. It is not in the coldest month of the year but in the rainy month of April that athletics are at their lowest ebb. We have typical winter sports and typical summer sports, but no game which is exactly suited to a month of drizzle and mist. Golf is probably less interfered with than any other game, but even a golfer's willingness to put up with adverse conditions is often soured by the mud of April fields and streaming moisture of April skies. April has no sport of its own and in

A TORPID THINKER

The Frequent Result of Coffee Poisoning.

A Toledo, O., business man says that for three years he had no appetite for breakfast; that about once a month he ate solid food at that meal, generally contenting himself with his cup of coffee and having no desire for anything else.

Coffee frequently plays this dog-in-the-manger trick; while it furnishes no nutriment itself, it destroys the appetite for food which is nutritious. The result was, in time, a torpid mentality, which was a distinct handicap in his business operations.

"Last Christmas," he says, "I consulted my brother, a practicing physician in Chicago, and he advised a diet of Postum Food Coffee, instead of the old kind, and also Grape-Nuts food. Since that time I have followed his advice with most excellent results. My brain is active and clear in the morning when it naturally should be at its best; I no longer have the dizzy spells that used to make me apprehensive; I have gained materially in flesh and feel better in every way. The Postum seems to be no less a food than the Grape-Nuts, and the two together fill all requirements. My wife has tried several of the recipes in your little booklet, and we have enjoyed the result, but to my mind Grape-Nuts food is best when served with sliced fruit and covered with cream." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

seeming envy frowns on all alien pastimes. It is a breathing month in which winter sports are forgotten and the memories of summer amusements revived. Accordingly, we are now hoarding our athletic strength to expend it later on in a vast variety of lavishness upon a vast variety of summer sports, lacrosse, base-ball, cricket, etc.

The lacrosse situation is always very acute in the early spring, whether it be due to the inclemencies of the weather or to the activities of press agents. One after another the various clubs, weak and emaciated after their long hibernation, crawl from their winter hiding-places into the sun and it is always a question whether they are not too far gone to survive. The newspapers hover around these starvelings, giving them nurture, puffs and flattery, striving to keep the breath of life in their exhausted limbs, until finally after a month of this doctoring the clubs either send in their death notice or walk out on the field and play lacrosse. At present we are in the first stage of the treatment. The Tecumseh, the Hippewas, Brantford and the rest have just crawled out and are gasping on the ground, mere remnants of their former selves. They raise an agonizing cry for someone to help them and discuss leagues as if they were hospitals. The Tecumseh think they can get better nurture and grow bigger and stronger in an eastern league than in the C. L. A., but while they talk time flies, and the patient is likely to pine away for lack of medical assistance. It is only common charity to step in and restore these clubs to health, but after kind friends have nursed them, put them on their feet and secured them comfortable quarters, they grow fat and lazy, and, in stead of playing their hardest to oblige the public, which is their paymaster, sulk and loaf, and give tame exhibitions of our national game. What is the use of supporting professional lacrosse, if the professionals play far worse than amateurs? The Toronto Lacrosse Club last year became so disgusted with that phase of professionalism that it is almost certain this year there will be no lacrosse at Rosedale.

There is no game which is so well advertised as baseball, and in which the managers strive so sedulously for the good-will and enthusiasm of the sporting public. All winter long they take the public into their confidence, and in awe-struck whispers intimate that they have made this or that "find," and that nothing short of an earthquake or a cyclone can prevent their team being pennant-winners. A football, hockey or rowing team that made such flamboyant and grandiloquent assertions would be scoffed at, but baseball fans are easily gulled, and honor a manager who is a prophet. Of course, these ante-season optimists are the rankest pessimists when the team loses, and the most audacious prophets are often the most incompetent managers.

Probably a great many baseball enthusiasts in this town are at the present moment wondering whether the Toronto ball team will be up to advance notices or not. It is certain that if the club is going to make money this year—and money is indispensable to a ball team—the Toronto team will have to win a far larger percentage of games than they did last year. There are so many athletic attractions here in the summer time that a losing baseball team has few magnetic properties, and can draw nothing but deadheads. The reason baseball is popular in the States as in Canada, is that it is fast and exciting; but poor teams produce nausea and disgust rather than excitement. I hope that the Toronto baseball team will prove a stellar aggregation, but prefer to wait until the Eastern League is under way before indulging in an optimism that is not warranted by the experience of past years.

The Toronto bowlers returned from Louisville empty-handed, but according to press dispatches, they made an excellent showing, and ably demonstrated the quality of the ten-pin game in this city. Whether the experience they gained is a sufficient recompense for the trouble and expenses of the trip I do not know, but I think it would be far more gratifying and interesting to Toronto enthusiasts to bring some of the crack American teams here for a series of games. Then we could judge better of the merits of our own bowlers in comparison with the best talent across the line. It is strange that the Toronto Bowling Club, which professes to be straining every nerve to popularize the game, has not had sufficient initiative to arrange some such competition.

There are two important cricket meetings to-day, the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Toronto Cricket League and the meeting of the Canadian Cricket Association. There has been an agitation among local cricketers for some improvement in the umpire system. The Rosedale Cricket Club, in its annual meeting last Monday night, passed a resolution condemning the present method of selecting umpires and proposed certain reforms which its delegate is to submit to the Toronto Cricket League. For many years incompetent umpires have been the rule in Toronto. In many games it is difficult to get twenty-two men on the field, let alone scorers and umpires, and in order to play the game teams have been forced to accept as umpire

any bystander who had the least smattering of the rules. Some clubs will, game after game, insist on having as their umpire some man who is glaringly incompetent if not biased. In a social game like cricket it is impossible to object, without positive discourtesy, to the home team's official, and so the evil has gone on unabated. Many a good innings has been spoiled by the atrocious mistakes of ignorant umpires. The great majority of games are played merely for amusement and recreation, and informality being their greatest charm, cricketers have to accept any umpires they may be so fortunate as to obtain. In more important matches, however, it would be well to do as is done in football or lacrosse, to select the umpires by mutual agreement of the teams some days before the match. Even if men had to be paid for their time it would be well worth the cost. There are quite a few old professionals in this town, who would make an excellent umpire class and prevent the horrible thoughts that arise in the mind of a cricketer, though they rarely find expression in words, when he has been given out unjustly.

There may be in some quarters curiosity as to why the new golf club chose the name Mississauga Golf Club. The title is honestly come by. A band of Indians known as the Mississaugas of the Credit owned and resided on the site of the new golf course until the year 1854, when the reservation was sold by the Canadian Government for the benefit of the Indians, and the tribe removed to Brant and Haldimand Counties, where they now are. The chief, many of his braves and their families are buried on the property, which, in legal documents, is still called the Credit Indian Reservation. Thus, civilization marches on, and where once the rude tomahawk of the aborigine clove the air, there now will be the rhythmic swish of the mallet and the chug of the niblick biting holes in the sand. Instead of the crude gutturals of the Mississauga braves, the air will resound with intelligent cries of "Fore!" and talk of "foursomes," "stymies," "two-up," "dormie," and all the rest of it. To think that Lo, the Poor Indian never played golf—and with no office work to tie him down either!

Some Local Golfers I Have Met.

VII.
SITTING on the club verandah with the Junior Partner, I noticed his eye resting moodily on two players on the flat below, one of whom was recognizable as the Senior Partner. They are prosperous business men in town and can afford to amuse themselves. "It's nice," I said, "for you and Jim to both play golf. He has only taken up the game this year, but, say, he's very enthusiastic, isn't he?" "Very," said the Junior Partner. "Why didn't you get him into the game sooner. It's just what he needed. He was getting to be a regular old money-grub." "He wouldn't be in the game now if I could have kept him away from it any longer," exclaimed the Junior Partner. "Confound it, man! can't you see where this places me. Somebody's got to look after our business, and if he doesn't, I've got to. Until this year ours was about the nicest-fitting partnership in Toronto. He used to go away for a couple of months every winter—to England, or Bermuda, or California. He liked to dodge the cold weather. I took it easy in the summer, and played golf three or four afternoons each week. He was satisfied; so was I. During the summer he would get down late, and I would be there early. He always felt that he was giving me the worst of it. For three or four years I've been steering him away from golf. Friends of mine would come in and thoughtlessly urge him to play. I guess I've upset a dozen appointments he had made to go and try his hand at the game. The worst of it is that he must remember these things against me now."

"How did he get started playing?" I asked with real sympathy at last in my voice. "In Florida. Last winter. When he was away he always used to write me two long business letters each week—unnecessary on his part, but characteristic of senior partners. This time, after the first week, these letters didn't come. I thought nothing of it at first. Then one day a telegram came, and it was from him, instructing me to put him up for membership at this club. There was no need to wire, but, you see, the game had got him, and he couldn't help it. When he got home he talked nothing but golf—kept me at the office one night for hours showing me his cards for the Florida course, and how marvelously his game had improved."

"Why don't you arrange regular days—he to come one day and you the next?" I asked. "We did," exclaimed the Junior Partner. "But what good does it do? He was here yesterday and I was to come out this afternoon. This morning he telephoned that T. P. had invited him to take a turn in his automobile. I knew the rest. They came here at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and have only stopped play long enough to gobble a lunch."

"What are you going to do?" You tell me what to do. He's the Senior Partner, and has double my money in the business. I expect him almost

We Could Talk to You All Day
On the MERITS of

Blue Ribbon

TEA, but we could not convince you as easily as a TRIAL would, that BLUE RIBBON is the nearest to PERFECTION that any tea has reached. TRY THE RED LABEL QUALITY.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.	"The Queen of Toilet Preparations." BEETHAM'S Larola SOOTHING and REFRESHING. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (In England.) M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.	It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.
---	--	---

any day to decide that the junior partner he needs in his business is one that doesn't play golf. He'll want to dump me and take in that stoop-shouldered bookkeeper of ours, who plays nothing but whist. Whist, you know, is a night game, and very suitable for a faithful employee or a junior partner." He said this with some bitterness.

"You asked me to tell you what to do," said I, "and here's a pointer. Buy him out. Watch your chance; take him when he is playing his best game and when business prevents him getting to the links. Choose your chance carefully, and he'll sell out for a song."

The junior partner arose. "I'll do it," he said. "I can get that devoted bookkeeper as my junior partner. I'll stroll around right now and see what kind of game Jim played to-day."

I don't know yet just how it will turn out.

LOFTER.

Don'ts for Automobilists.

Don't allow your chauffeur to drink liquor while in charge of your car. If running your own car avoid liquor yourself.

Don't run on the wrong side of the road except at narrow, intersecting streets.

Don't try to see how close you can run to pedestrians. Give them even more room than they require. Many walkers have heart trouble.

Don't take any kind of a turn or curve at twenty miles an hour; better go four miles and be able to do it again.

Don't put oil on your registration number and throw dust on it. An honest man isn't afraid of identification.

Don't toot your horn in passing horses unless approaching from behind, and then not unless absolutely necessary. There still are some spirited animals.

Don't blow your Gabriel horn continually in a city street. A little of it is music; too much is a disagreeable, irritating racket.

Don't forget to light your lamps one hour before sunset; then you will have more chance than the wagon ahead without lights—and be within the law.

Don't grab at the things that concern the chauffeur, and don't ever take a passenger again who has grabbed once—if you ever are able to go out again.

Don't run away after running down anybody; you'll stand a better chance if you stay.

Don't ever act like anything but an intelligent gentleman—"Outing."

Ballroom Floor in first-class condition—the best in the city. Catering to the round, everything first-class only, at

Mrs. Meyer's Parlors,
SUNNYSIDE

Telephone, Park 905.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Preston Springs, Ont.

The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props.
Late of the Elliott House, Toronto.

Your Safeguard is the Label

Guarantees are plentiful—and usually worthless. The most trustworthy and responsible guarantees are those given "Under Acts of Parliament," declaring that the contents of a package, parcel, or bottle are in strict accordance with the Label.

Such are the guarantees that accompany

"STRATHMILL"

AND
"SPEY ROYAL" Scotch Whiskies

Distilled by the old-fashioned Pot Still method from the finest—and specially selected—Scotch Barley, they are

ALL-PURE MALT WHISKIES

In them the consumer will find conserved not only all the natural elements and flavors, but all the gently stimulating and health-giving qualities of absolutely genuine Scotch Whisky.

Genuine—Because distilled, aged and bottled as labelled.

Pure—Because made from all pure malted Scotch Barley.

Wholesome—Because containing only tonic qualities and food properties.

On sale at the leading hotels, buffets, bars and restaurants.

W & A Gilbey

Distillers, Bottlers and Distributors of the Finest and Oldest Scotch Whiskies.

Wm. Marr & Co., 79 Yonge.
Frank Giles, 234 Yonge.
Geo. W. Cooley, 501 Yonge.
T. K. Halsey, 216 Wilton Ave.
Edward Field, 207 Wellesley.
C. H. Forbes, 1440 Queen West.
Est. Frank Davies, 115 Elm.
T. H. George, 709 Yonge.

For sale in Toronto by
Jas. B. Giles, Church and Carlton.
Wm. J. Equi, 509 Yonge.
W. E. Hill, 500 Queen West.
T. W. Slatery, 3 McCaul.
John Mathers, 150 King East.
E. Thompson, 508 King West.
Rossin Liquor Store, 418 Spadina Ave.
John Hebert, 22 Robinson.
and all the leading Wine and Spirit Dealers.

For sale in London by E. B. Smith, Wine and Spirit Dealers.
For sale in Ottawa by Bate & Co., Spark Street.

Distributors: R. H. HOWARD & CO., Toronto.

Long Bill and the Boss

BY LOWELL OTUS REESE.

I began the very first day the new tenderfoot boss hit the camp of the King Midas. Fresh from an Eastern school of mining he was, with his head full of theories and his hands void of all intimacy with a pick-handle.

Now, when Long Bill crawled up out of the shaft at night, all covered over with the slime of the river slickens, his face was split apart in a friendly grin, and his mighty hand was ready to engulf the hand of the new boss in a grip of welcome; but the boss didn't see the hand, and he deemed it beneath the dignity of his proud position to observe the smile. Discipline, he figured, was the correct rôle, and he meant to start from the first moment.

"How is the pay looking, William?" he inquired, sternly.

Long Bill shut his features and stared. Then he scratched his chin, pawing a long streak in the grime amid the stubble.

"She's runnin' straight in shingled slate, boss," he said, coldly, "but she'll raise in a couple more sets an' lay rified in river gravel. Two more sets—"

"How do you know?"

Now, Long Bill couldn't have told how he knew all this; certainly he couldn't see into the solid slaty wall of the drift, yet he knew. And the worst of it was he couldn't explain to the boss how he knew. So, realizing the utter futility of trying, he saved time and speech by turning without another word and ambling away to the bunk-house like a giant angle-worm walking on end.

With this inauspicious beginning began the troubles of the tenderfoot boss. He had learned in the school of mining how to run a drift and how to set his lagging properly; but he had overlooked that greatest science of all—how to carry his men with him.

It was, if I remember correctly, the night of the third day that Long Bill began to make the boss earn his salary. The latter had been particularly exasperating during the day, and to crown the measure of his tyranny he had informed Long Bill that he ought to be digging potatoes instead of earning his money under false pretenses claiming to be a miner.

"Which I mines ten years before he was borned!" said Long Bill, as we were washing up for supper. "I sees the dip of the pay and starts to head it off all reg'lar, when he comes along and starts me diggin' in plumb the other direction! Think of it, Hank! Me forty year a miner an' drivin' my drift straight away from the pay like a gosh-fraught tenderfoot! I blushes all day, I'm that ashamed of myse'f!"

I knew Long Bill, and I prophesied sagely that something dire for the new boss's nerves was about to come through.

We gathered about the ramshackle stove after supper. Old Man Johnson had just finished washing the dishes, and was settling down for a happy smoke, when Long Bill took from his pocket a handful of small cartridge shells, which with infinite patience he had surreptitiously made to resemble the detonators used in firing the heavy charges of "giant."

These caps have an explosive power sufficient to tear a man's head off. Long Bill had filled them with ashes, pointed in with great care so as to resemble the fulminate, but the boss didn't know that, either.

Long Bill opened his knife and picked up one of the caps.

"These yere caps didn't work none good-to-day," he observed. "I 'low I'll see what's the matter with 'em." He took the small blade of his knife and gave a gouge at the wicked-looking grey powder, and the boss made one jump and landed away out in the yard.

"Put those things away!" he yelled. "Throw 'em in the river! Why, you long-legged farmer, those things will explode with the slightest scratch!"

Long Bill looked up with tremendous innocence written all over his face. "Will they?" he asked, in seeming amazement. "Well, by gosh! here I been shootin' 'em for half a lifetime!"

FOOD HELPS

In Management of a R. R.

Speaking of food a railroad man says:

"My work puts me out in all kinds of weather, subject to irregular hours for meals and compelled to eat all kinds of food."

"For 7 years I was constantly troubled with indigestion, caused by eating heavy, fatty, starchy, greasy, poorly cooked food, such as are most accessible to men in my business. Generally each meal or lunch was followed by distressing pains and burning sensations in my stomach, which destroyed my sleep and almost unfitted me for work. My brain was so muddled and foggy that it was hard for me to discharge my duties properly."

"This lasted till about a year ago, when my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food by a newspaper ad, and I concluded to try it. Since then I have used Grape-Nuts at nearly every meal and sometimes between meals. We railroad men have little chance to prepare our food in our cabooses, and I find Grape-Nuts mighty handy, for it is ready cooked."

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has made a new man of me. I have no more burning distress in my stomach, nor any other symptom of indigestion. I can digest anything so long as I eat Grape-Nuts, and my brain works as clearly and accurately as an engineer's watch, and my old nervous troubles have disappeared entirely." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

and I never knew they was dangerous! Well, well!" He took the remaining counterfeits and tossed them out of the window into the river deep. Then he sat down and lit his pipe, shaking his head mournfully over his stupidity and bestowing upon Old Man Johnson a solemn wink.

The boss came in and sat down, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a trembling hand. For a long time there was silence, broken only by the asthmatic gurgle of Old Man Johnson's pipe and the soft murmur of the water pouring along outside.

After a while the boss began undressing for bed. Old Man Johnson closed the door and locked it, yawning capaciously. The boss had just stretched himself with a tired sigh, when, glancing up, he saw a sight that froze his blood.

Long Bill had two sticks of the ugly yellow rolls of dynamite and was juggling them, throwing one clear up to the ceiling. He missed it and it fell with a resounding thump against the head of the bed, and the boss, with a hoarse yell of terror, sprang from his blankets and fell against the door.

"You insane fool!" he shrieked. "Do you want to murder us all? Seize him, men!"

Long Bill regarded him in hurt astonishment.

"Now, boss," he said, sadly, "I'm willin' to take orders from you and obey them up to the limit! But when you comes rantin' into this yere camp denouncin' our innocent recreations, why, it shore makes me feel mutinous! Why—"

"Throw that stuff into the river!" howled the boss, scared silly.

Long Bill turned and hurled the stick he was holding out of the window and clear across the narrow stream. It hit the hard rock on the opposite side and exploded with a mighty roar. We who had been watching knew that Long Bill had not juggled this particular stick. Indeed, he had held it with the respectful care bestowed upon the explosive by one who knows its power.

Long Bill allowed the echoes of the report to die away down the canyon, and then he picked up the other stick while the boss watched him with insane terror in his eyes. Long Bill slowly peeled away the yellow wrapper and disclosed—

A tallow candle!

"Don't see why a feller can't play with a candle if he wants to!" he grumbled, and without another word "unhusked," and went sulking to bed.

Now, on the side next the river was a door. Usually we used the front door, but this side door was maintained by Old Man Johnson and was furnished with a plank porch of doubtful stability, whereon the old cook stood to draw water from the river underneath. This door was open. I learned afterward that Long Bill left it that way, after assuring himself that the front door was securely locked. I also discovered a week or so afterward, that the key had reposed in Long Bill's overalls. No one, however, could tell who was the guilty wretch who had sawed almost asunder the supports of the little porch.

About midnight Long Bill arose, stole softly as a cat across the floor and out of the cabin, hugging the wall and trusting not a pound of his weight upon the little porch. He set fire to a pile of brush outside, crept back and went to bed, having aroused no one.

Everybody was sleeping soundly. Long Bill's snores were loudest of all. Suddenly a light began to flicker through the window. It grew brighter, then burst into a blinding glow.

Long Bill reached for his six-shooter and loosed it through the roof.

"Fire!" he bawled, knocking down a medley of pans upon the stove at the same time and firing several more times through the roof. "Wake up! We're bein' burned alive! Fire! Fire!"

The boss fell out of bed in an ecstasy of terror. The daze of sleep was upon him, and he ran against the front door with such force that he was knocked down with the impact.

He tore at the door-knob, but the door was locked. He tried to yell, but his voice was a gasping sob. Remembering the side door, he made a dash through it, struck the doctored porch, and then there was a crash, followed by a splash and a despairing cry, as the boss landed in the river.

Quick as we were, Long Bill was before us. Dashing along the bank, he made his way by a rocky path to the edge of the stream. In the bright moonlight he saw the boss swimming like a mammoth frog toward a sandbar. Then Long Bill threw him a rope and pulled him ashore.

Long Bill was a quick thinker. To have been there with a rope almost before the boss hit the water—

Well, it looked suspicious. But Long Bill modestly turned the subject and declaimed on the swimming abilities of the boss until he turned suspicion away.

The boss said nothing. He was too miserable; he was, to use a slang phrase, "all in."

Next morning he arose early. He delegated the post of authority to me and faded away down the trail toward civilization. A course in a school of mining had never touched upon the subject of Long Bill, and he felt he ought to go back and study up.

Long Bill watched his going with pensive eyes.

"Which, if that gent had stayed on for a month or so longer," he said, "I'd a' learned a heap about mining."

Then with a sigh he picked up his box of powder and ambled away toward the mine, emitting great clouds of smoke as he went—"Leslie's Weekly."

There's many a true word spoken in disgust—"Life."

Caribou in Newfoundland.

One who has not actually witnessed the migrations at their height can form any adequate conception of the marvellous number of deer which the island contains, writes A. P. Silver in the "Empire Review." It is estimated by an intelligent native hunter that the number which crossed the Exploits River at one point during ten days in the autumn of last year exceeded 4,000. This crossing ground, some fifteen miles above the Grand Falls, is only one of scores of similar trails. Here may still be seen crumbling relics of the rude fences, many miles in extent, along both sides of this river, the work of the now extinct Beothic Indians, whereby they impounded their game, and drove it into rawhide snares set in gaps made for the purpose, exactly as the Indians of the sub-arctic regions of the North-West are in the habit of doing at the present day. That the caribou of Newfoundland can hold their own so well, in spite of the ceaseless assaults of man, is doubtless largely due to the sequestered character of the interior. Of late years the centre of the island has been pierced by the Reid Railway. Even the casual traveler cannot fail to note how the broad upland moors and marshes through which he is hurried, often seem to be carpeted with succulent lichens, are admirably adapted to the sustenance of the caribou.

The migratory tide sets southward about the middle of September, the hinds with fawns forming the vanguard of the long procession. They all hurry from the wind-swept mountain pastures towards the sheltered districts in the south, and take a straight course, showing indifference to all obstacles, over boulder-strewn mountain heights, through tangled and obdurate masses of timber, across mountain torrents and immense lakes. And, Mr. Silver points out, the caribou is a strong and gallant swimmer.

"I once saw a stag take a seething rapid of Junction River—running out of Grand Lake into Deer Lake—when heavily swollen by late autumn rains. Without losing much headway the animal crossed at a place where any other quadruped would have infallibly been swept away and lost. While these deer will often prefer to walk up the shores of a lake on a stormy day in order to wade the shallows at the 'run in,' when pressed they do not hesitate to launch themselves for a swim of several miles into the roughest water. Even the very young fawns will carefully follow in the wake of their dams, and keep up the gait without showing the slightest signs of fatigue. On the shores of some of the larger lakes which lie across the line of march, it is a vastly interesting sight to watch the herds taking water with as much unconcern as wildfowl.

The enormous thickness of their dense coats of hair doubtless helps to float their bodies high above the surface, giving a buoyancy almost equal to that of a cork jacket. While swimming, these deer rest their under-jaws on the water with nostrils slightly elevated, and carry their white 'scuts' erect. Should they suddenly catch a whiff of wind from the hunter they are seen to give evidence of their excitement by bounding twice or thrice almost entirely clear of the water, causing a tremendous commotion."

A Valuable Dog.

Mark Twain is immensely popular with the farmers living around "Quarry Farm," his summer home near Elmira, N.Y. He and his neighbors exchange experiences and both profit thereby. The genial humorist tells of one farmer who purchased a hunting dog that was highly recommended to him by a man who did not seem particularly reluctant about parting with it. When the dog was delivered the farmer looked it over with considerable misgivings. It seemed shy and bashful and hardly the animal it was cracked up to be. Anxious to give it a trial, however, he took it out shortly afterwards and, as luck would have it, ran across a fox. The dog took after the fox and the two were soon out of sight, the farmer following as rapidly as he could. Finally he met another farmer, who, in response to his inquiry, stated that they had passed in his direction. Asked as to how they were running, the second farmer replied: "Well, it was nip and tuck, but I think the dog was about three feet ahead."

Close Quarters.

Two Irishmen were starting West in a sleeping-car. Terry had never been in one before, so his friend Dennis generously gave him the lower berth, while he himself climbed into the upper. After a while Dennis, thinking it might be well to see whether his friend was all right, leaned over and asked, "And how are ye gettin' on down there, Terry?"

"Sure, Dennis, I'm having the devil of a time gettin' in me little ham-mock."

His Luck.

Mr. D. Piazek, the grain man, is firmly of the opinion that the fates have it in for him, and are working twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four in an endeavor to humiliate him. "It's no use," he sadly protested to some friends the other day; "I can't lift the hoodoo. Take my golf playing, for instance. Nine times out of ten I miss the ball when driving off from the first tee out at the Elm Ridge Club. And every one of those nine times I look around and find the verandah lined with people, all possessed of large eyes that look like porcelain plaques on a plate rail. The tenth time, however, I hit the ball, I knock it to a spec. Then I turn proudly around, my chest swelling with pride. And there's not a single soul on the verandah. Everybody has just gone in."—Kansas City "Independent."

"Why is this cheese so full of holes?"

"That's all right. It needs all the fresh air it can get."—Cleveland "Leader."

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited



Fine Leather Goods

Genuine Walrus Suit Case, in black, with brass locks and lined with very best quality Red Morocco, makes a very nice case for a lady. Our special price, \$32.50.

Ladies' Walrus 2-handle Bag with French grey lining, made to match Suit Case, \$18.50.

SPECIAL—THE SET, \$50.00.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. 10 to 16 Colborne St. **Toronto.**



Two Leading Styles.

THE Double-breasted and Single-breasted Suits here illustrated are correct in every detail. Take a good look at them so that when you are buying your Spring Suit you can be sure of getting the right style. **20th CENTURY BRAND CLOTHES** are the acknowledged models of style, fit, tailoring and cloth. They can be duplicated only by high-priced, exclusive city tailors.

AGENTS IN NEARLY EVERY CITY AND TOWN IN CANADA.

Lowndes Company, Limited
TORONTO



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people. OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Connects with all departments) Main 1709

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United States, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

Vol. 19. TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 31, 1906. No. 21

Points About People.

Principal Grant was known to be eminently successful in raising funds for carrying on the work of Queen's University, and a story is told in Kingston of how he once went to Sir Donald Macpherson for assistance in some extension of the college. Just as Principal Grant was explaining the special need, Sir John Macdonald appeared on the scene. "What do you think?" said Sir David jocularly, "here is Grant again, and the last time I gave him a subscription he said it would do for all time." "Well," replied Sir John, "then the best thing you can do is to give something for eternity." Sir David's cheque was forthcoming, but the true words spoken in jest furnished Principal Grant more than once with an eloquent text.

Rev. R. E. Knowles, the witty Irish pastor of Knox Church, Galt, has lately returned from North Carolina, where he has been writing his new novel, *The Undertow*, which is to appear next autumn. Mr. Knowles, who seldom takes himself seriously, was asked not long ago if writing a novel was hard work. "Oh, no," he cheerfully replied, "all you need is enough pens, enough paper, enough ink and enough brains; and most of them you can get at any good stationer's."

The Canadian colony in London will be recruited this week by the arrival there of Mr. Charles S. Wisner of Toronto, who has been sent over from the head office of the Massey-Harris Company to become the resident representative of the firm in England. Mr. Wisner is widely known and popular in Toronto, and Brantford. Before leaving he was given a farewell evening at the Lambton Golf and Country Club, where his friends assured him that he would be expected to return some day from England with his game so much improved that he would win the club championship from Mr. Lyon.

A story is told of the early inattentiveness of mind of Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), the Canadian writer now living in India. When she was quite a young girl a friend called one day to take her for a drive, but found her "minding the baby," and nobody else in the house. It seemed impossible to take the drive, but an idea occurred to the girl, and presently, radiant, she drove away. The mother, on returning home, could find neither Sara nor the baby, but on searching the house found a bureau drawer a little bit open, and inside it the baby sound asleep. The child, in the drawer, could neither fall out nor upset anything, while enjoying plenty of air. It is probable, however, that this early exhibition of resourcefulness of mind was not commended by her mother.

A Walkerville woman who crossed the ferry to Detroit and came back a few hours later looking as if she had grown tremendously in her general dimensions, was taken into the private room of the customs office and searched by the matron. She had stowed about her person five night robes, two children's dresses, four suits of underwear, two cotton dresses, three kimonoes and six pairs of hose. Indignant at the treatment received, the lady threatened to give the names of most of the leading ladies of Walkerville who regularly shopped as she had done. One may imagine there was no rest in Walkerville that night. With a tariff law like ours only bachelors should reside near the border.

Mr. Joseph Gibson of Ingersoll, the well-known society man, temperance advocate and moral reformer, has strong views on the question of young men marrying. He does not believe in the blessedness of single life. The other day Mr. Gibson was attending a convention in Toronto, and a reporter on a city daily asked him for some information. Of course Mr. Gibson was ignorant—purposely so—and he said to the scribe, "There are just three things I know. I'll tell you what they are. My name is Joseph Gibson. I come from Ingersoll, and I've got the best wife in this city." The reporter came back with a ready answer. "Glad to hear you say it, sir, and sorry I can't contradict you." The man from Ingersoll seemed surprised. "You mean to tell me you're not married?" "I am not," said the man of the pencil. "Let me

interview you. How old are you?" "Twenty-five," was the answer. "Then you've wasted the best three years of your life, young man," was Mr. Gibson's dictum. "I'll propose to-night," said the reporter as he made his way to the door.

Sir Francis Cowley Burnand, who has just resigned the editorship of *Punch*, had been associated with the great English humorous weekly for forty-three years, and edited it for twenty-five. After being graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1858, he went to Cuddleston with a view to Anglican orders, but afterward joined the Catholic church, and studied theology with the Oblate Fathers at Bayswater—a very grave occupation, indeed, for the potential editor of *Punch* and *Punch*. Burnand also studied law, and was called to the bar in 1862, but the success of some dramatic sketches which he had written at odd times since his Eton days, induced him, finally, to follow the profession of play-writing. He produced a hundred and odd pieces, chiefly extravaganzas and burlesques. He joined the staff of *Punch*, then edited by Mark Lemon, in 1863, his first contribution being *Mokanna*, a burlesque on sensational romance-writing. He became the editor in 1880. *Box and Cox*, which he wrote with Sir Arthur Sullivan, is, perhaps, his best-known skit. He is succeeded in the editorship of *Punch* by Owen Seaman, the well-known parodist, who has been the assistant editor for some time.

The taking of the quinquennial census has begun in Paris. It is expected that the census will show that Paris ranks as a 3,000,000 city. King Edward will be in Paris during the taking of the census, but as the British Embassy, where he stops, is in a diplomatic sense British soil, the Ambassador may not be required to fill out the paper with his name. King Edward was included in the French census of 1896, when, as Prince of Wales, he was visiting the Riviera. In the same census there were included Queen Victoria, King Leopold of Belgium, the ex-Empress Eugenie, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the Czarovitch.

Sir Arthur Keppell Stepney, seventy-two years old, was recently held up by immigration officials in New York because he gave his nationality as "American." The aged knight said he owned a large tract of land in California, and he intended to live there. It was decided that Sir Arthur could land only as a British subject. The visitor's full name is Sir Emile Algernon Arthur Keppell Cowell Stepney. He was a clerk in the foreign office for twenty years, and a member of Parliament for Carmarthen for many years. He owns 10,000 acres in California and Canada.

The following advertisement appeared recently in a San Francisco paper: A pugilist, 28, retiring from public life, educated and refined, wants position as companion or escort; no objection to travel.

The Land that Loves a Title

SOMETHING more than a century ago, the founders of the American republic declared their belief that all men are born free and equal, and that we are all entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Several of the gentlemen who expressed their strong support of these sentiments were in possession of a large number of slaves, and placidly continued to administer the affairs of their plantations, while they would have resented vigorously the action of an aspiring negro who, in the pursuit of the said happiness, had endeavored to show his master's domains a clean and dusky pair of heels. Human nature is deceitful above all things, and desperately inconsistent. Hence it is not at all surprising to find the country in which the millionaire is but a drug in the market given to flourishing articles about democracy and at the same time to an exploiting of titles. The representative of Theodore I. at a foreign court appears in the plain garb known as evening dress, and is not ashamed of his lack of adornment, even when surrounded by gold lace and gorgeousness. But there is not an English-speaking country in which plain "Mister" is so seldom heard as in the United States. Not only the M.D., but the dentist, the druggist and the veterinary surgeon are addressed as "Doctor," while the clergyman who is not a D.D. is a person of comparative distinction. The common use of "Colonel," especially in Kentucky, is proverbial, and other military titles are passed around with unstudied courtesy, until the stranger is somewhat perplexed by the "rampant militarism" of a seemingly peaceful community.

But it is the title "Professor" that is most absurdly abused. There are many towns in the United States where the public or "graded" schools are in charge of women teachers. But it is somewhat surprising to find the men who are engaged in the occupation of teaching, whether in the common school or in the State university, addressed invariably as "Professor." Most music teachers of whatever rank and qualifications are saluted in the same fashion. I remember the horror of a German woman, for whom the word had scholarly traditions, when she found in a small American town the scruffy and incompetent drawing-master of the public school called by this sacred title.

But when we come to the titles of foreign aristocracy we find the inconsistency of our democratic neighbors most amusingly displayed. The wife of Lord Curzon, the late Viceroy of India, is, as all the world knows, an American by birth. No sooner was he appointed to the high position than the papers of the United States were filled with articles on the "Viceroyne," a title which British periodicals had not used. Some publications even went so far as to refer to Lady Curzon as the representative of the British Sovereign in India, and commented sagaciously on the way in which the Leiter brains and the Leiter wealth had "made" the Viceroy, although the poor, deluded British Empire had considered George Nathaniel Curzon a "risen" young man long before his wedding day.

The latest manifestation of this republican craving for a title was the general use of the expression "Princess Alice" in reference to the eldest daughter of the President, New York *Life*, speaking of the designation "Miss Alice," very sensibly inquired "Why not Miss Roosevelt?" But it seems as if most of these democratic penny-a-liners are capable of no happy medium between familiarity and foolishness. The English flunkey, who "loves a lord," would not find himself at all lonesome in the land where colonels, doctors and professors leave the foreigner impressed with the diffusion of degrees and the absence of mediocrity.

In a Detroit paper, about a fortnight ago, there was an article on our Ontario Legislature, in which the writer declared dramatically that monarchy is only a phantom in Ontario. Just what the scribe expected to find as a manifestation of monarchy it would be hard to say, but he probably labored under the mistake afflicting so many of his fellow-countrymen that His Majesty Edward VII. and his colonial representatives drive around wearing purple robes and a crown with real diamonds in it. The peculiar constitution by which "the King is the speaking law and the law is the silent king," remains a mystery to the native of the land that loves a title and traffics in degrees.

CANADIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

A LETTER FROM THE ORIENT

A CHARMING old German gentleman put himself, his dragoman and two carriages at our disposal, and we invaded the Old Seraglio. Seraglio means simply palace, but it has a sound so weird and unique that I used to think it meant a great deal more, and, perhaps, in reality it did stand for a great deal more, and conceal a great deal more, than the Turks would ever admit. Should it ever become possible to write a bonafide history of Turkey—a thing never done yet—it almost frightens me to think how much that Old Seraglio could tell! Perhaps the revelations would be so horrible that we should cry for mercy!

The chief thing of interest for us in the large Museum of Antiquities is the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great. The carvings on this are so exquisite that one would like to kidnap the whole thing and keep it in his own house for endless examination. Of course, there is the usual doubt as to its genuineness, but until a better one is found we are quite satisfied with this for one of our favorite kings, and if the tiny skull they showed as his could speak, I am sure he would agree with us. Between ourselves, I have more confidence in the tomb than in the skull, for how could Alexander's brain contract itself into the skull of a very small boy?

Of course we saw also the celebrated body and tomb of Tabnith, King of Sidon, who died about 400 B.C. This said Tabnith, although he lived in the so-called good old times, had so slim a sense of honor that one might almost have taken him for a member of some mammoth modern "trust," so slippery was he. What do you suppose the sweet old hypocrite did, when he was dying, too? He a king, and a priest of Ashtaroth, actually had the nerve to cause the following inscription to be carved on his tomb: "I, Tabnith, priest of Ashtaroth, King of the Sidonians, son of Eschmonazar, lie here under this covering. O, thou man, whoever thou be, who shalt discover my tumulus, open it not, and disturb me not, for there is neither gold, nor is there silver, nor is there any treasure buried with me; I alone lie here. Open not, therefore, my tomb, nor do thou violate it in any manner whatsoever; and if thou dost open my tomb, or violate it in any manner whatsoever, may thou have no seed living under the sun, nor resting place in Hades."

Notwithstanding all these protestations, a number of jewels and precious stones were found in the sarcophagus when it was opened, and we saw them in a glass case. It seemed almost a judgment, too, on the lying priest, that his poor, defunct body, with some of the hair and skin still intact, should be exposed to the cold, critical, modern gaze, without even a mummy-cloth to adorn it! The archeologists sometimes push things too far, and I think they might have spared Tabnith and us that crowning mortification, and left him to continue to shrink in the shrouding shadow of his tomb. In the Chinili Kiosk, or China Pavilion, the Primitive Art Room enchained our fancy, because it contained the *stèle* from the Temple at Jerusalem. It is a piece of limestone with a Greek inscription on it. It originally stood in the Temple to mark the limit which Gentiles were not allowed to pass on pain of death. The translation is, "No Gentile may pass beyond the railing into the court round the Temple; he who is caught trespassing will bring death upon himself."

I think I liked even better the Siloam inscription taken from the walls of a canal built by Hezekiah in the eighth century B.C., which is mentioned in Kings and Chronicles. The inscription is in Phoenician characters on limestone, and part of it is as follows: "And the pick-axes were directed against each other, when, just as there remained but three ells more to be bored, voices were heard calling to one another, for there was a gallery in the rock on the south side and on the north side; and the day the boring was completed, the workmen found themselves face to face, and the pick-axes against each other (that is to say, they met each other), and the water flowed from the spring to the fountain, a distance of one thousand ells, and the height of the rock above the travelers' heads was one hundred ells." The canal was cut to convey the waters of the Spring of Gihon outside the city walls, to that of Siloam within. We thought it wonderful when modern engineers and architects could calculate depths and distances to a nicety, as in the St. Clair and St. Gothard tunnels, but here was an engineer who did the same thing 3,000 years ago, and without the assistance of modern machinery.

Having seen the great Dr. Schliemann's temple tomb in Athens, we were particularly pleased to see his collection of gems and jewels, glass bottles and toilet articles from Troy of happy memory. We were sorry, when passing within a dozen miles of Troy, that we could not stop off the steamer and investigate the remains for ourselves, and we gazed hungrily across the dividing space. But I thought afterwards it was just as well, perhaps, because when one comes face to face with a ruin of any kind, from a brick wall to a man, disappointment is apt to be the strongest feeling. We drove past the famous old plane-tree, under which the janizaries hatched their plots, and from the limbs of which their enemies sometimes dangled. There was always something so repulsive in the thought that the janizaries were Christian boys, kidnapped when young, and brought up as Mohammedans, that it is almost a relief to know that they were entirely annihilated in 1826. If they had been good men one could never say this, but they were tyrants and merciless, and one feels that their fate was just. We saw the Museum of the Janizaries, with wax figures, dressed in all their fantastic old costumes, and found it quaint with a vengeance! How any human beings could consent to wear clothes and hats of such barbarous cuts and colors passes feminine belief. We next roamed over what was once part of the Hippodrome—the Forum, as it were, of Constantinople—where the emperors were proclaimed, the generals had their triumphal processions, and where the worthies of other days had chariot races, wrestling matches and gladiatorial fights. It is rumored, too, on good authority, that heretics, renegades, priests, aye, and patriarchs, were burned in these precincts in the good old days. Considering how fond of flames all the inquisitors and magistrates were in the



Dark and Middle Ages, I can well believe it was true. Speaking of fire, it is a wonder to me that there is anything left standing in Constantinople, as its history seems an endless record of fires. Every church, palace and tower has been burned down about a dozen times, and how marble and stone can catch fire so readily and so often will always remain a mystery. My explanation is that the component parts of the celebrated old Greek fire have been built into the walls of those famous old buildings, and those same component parts combined and exploded whenever they felt in a cheerful mood!

Built over part of the Hippodrome is the handsome A m a d i c h Mosque. It has six graceful minarets. It was in this mosque that Sultan Mahmud II. unfurled the Sacred Standard and read the decree which put an end to the tyranny of the janizaries in 1826. The Obelisk of Theodosius the Great is to me one of the most interesting things in this city. It was originally erected in the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis in Egypt by Thotmes III., 1600 B.C. It was brought here by Theodosius and placed in the Hippodrome to celebrate his victory over Maximus, 390 A.D. When the children of Israel left Egypt, therefore, this pillar was standing in the Temple of the Sun there! Some way it seemed a tangible connecting link between their times and ours, and it made Moses seem twice as near and real to me since he and I have looked on the self-same shaft of granite! Not far from the Obelisk is a circular railing round a small upright pillar, with the head lopped off. This is the famous Serpent Column used as a stand for the tripod of the Pythia, the high priestess of Apollo, at the Oracle of Delphi. It is eighteen feet, nine inches high, and is composed of three bronze serpents, erect on their tails, and twisted spirally round each other. It was brought here by Constantine the Great. The triple head was cut off at one fell blow by Mohammed II. during his triumphant entry into the conquered city in 1453. We saw one of the heads in the Museum of Antiquities.

The whole Bosphorus is lovely—just a succession of wonderful vistas, rendered heavenly by the color of the water and sky, and the ever-changing cloud effects. I wish you could see the old, ruined castle of Anatoli Hissar, inhabited now simply by cranes. The Turks hold these birds in high veneration on account of their supposed migration to Mecca in winter. The Turk on whose house one of these cranes builds its nest is considered most fortunate, for his home will never be visited by sickness or fire. Happy crane to be able to inspire such confidence!

It was at this point on the Bosphorus that Xerxes is supposed to have crossed on his bridge of boats, and it was from one of these towers that a chain used to be stretched to a corresponding tower on the opposite side, to close the Bosphorus in time of war. We went to see the Dancing Dervishes. This order was founded in 1245, and the members are all Persians. From the gallery where we had comfortable seats, we looked down on the queer scene, and we found it hard to realize that we were witnessing a religious ceremony. The prayers and chants from the Koran lasted an hour before the dancing began. Sixteen men, in long black cloaks, conical yellow-brown hats, and bare feet, came in one by one. Each made a bow to the chief priest, who, squatted on a mat, said the prayers. Then a picturesque priest in the gallery, posing himself against a pillar which threw his Oriental profile into bold relief, began chanting the Koran. It was almost amusing to hear him poise on a high note and not know how to get down again. His voice would waver a long time, like an imitation trill, then swoop down unexpectedly and always alight on the wrong note. This would seem to surprise himself so much that he would fly suddenly aloft again, only to waver and descend swiftly as before. He is evidently one of their star performers, and he has a nose that does credit to three continents, being Persian, Jewish and African, mixed. The sixteen Dervishes now began their sacred walk. When each one gets opposite the chief priest (who stands during this part of the ceremony), he turns round, places his hand dramatically on his breast, and bows solemnly and slowly to the man following. The latter turns also, as on a pivot, at the aforesaid point, and bows to his successor, and so on. The music in the gallery now strikes up. The instruments are long flutes and funny little round drums, and as the service progresses the musicians sing in wild, weird tones as well. The Dervishes, at the critical musical moment, throw off their cloaks and appear in long white skirts, white bolero jackets and colored sashes. They keep on their funny, conical caps, and, of course, their feet are bare. They begin twirling, slowly at first, but as they become excited and get wound up, as it were, their arms are thrown recklessly out, and their heads back at a graceful angle, and they go in to win, heart and soul. We had our favorites among the dancers, as some were much handsomer and more graceful than others. One magnificently tall man, particularly, was the very poetry of grace in motion, and one could not help wishing to penetrate into the brain behind that inscrutable countenance. What were his thoughts and plans and fancies as he twirled mechanically to that excruciating music? Was he happy or despairing? Were his brains brightened by the exercise or were they gradually adding into imbecility? One little black man amused us very much because he went round so like a well-wound-up top. This gyrating dance is intended to personify the planetary system revolving round the sun, and is supposed to be a survival of Hindu mysteries. Any way, it is wonderful how they can keep up so long this dizzy exercise, which must be torturing in this hot weather.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, the recognized poet laureate of the British Parliament, is, they say, always on the lookout for "incidents," the little episodes that enliven the dull routine of Parliamentary life, and that lend themselves to utilization as a couplet or a quatrain. His extemporaneous verses make a circuit of the House to an accompaniment of subdued chuckles. They are sometimes handed by a Minister to the Speaker, who reads them and pays them the compliment of a momentary twinkle of his awful eye.

DRAMA

THE attraction at the Princess Theater next week will be *Woodland*, offered by Mr. Henry W. Savage, and announced as a bird rhapsody and forest fantasy. The production is by Pixley and Luders, authors of *The Prince of Pilsen* and *King Dodo*, and ought to be tuneful and amusing if we recall rightly the melodies of those two comedies. There is a touch of alcoholic advertising in the advance description:—"There's a condensed cocktail in it," the author of this enthusiastic outburst probably referring to either the olive or the cherry. The parts appear to be those associated with bird life, Mr. Harry Bulger appearing as *King Blue Jay* and Miss Helen Hale as *Jenny Wren*, while the boastful part of the *Lady Peacock* is taken by Miss Greta Risley. It all sounds very innocent and springlike, and it is to be hoped that by next week the disappearance of snow-banks will render the jokes and twitters of this production timely rather than tantalizing. The scenery is of the forest, with gleams of silver birch and soft green moss. The company will bring its own orchestra, a circumstance for which the public will be duly grateful.

The week of April ninth will be gladdened by Miss Ellis Jeffreys, in *The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt*, the latest Suro play, in which the automobile takes the part of villain and makes nearly all the trouble. The play has been almost as popular in New York as Mr. Suro's earlier play, *The Walls of Jericho*, and Toronto theatergoers will doubtless welcome this sparkling, up-to-date comedy. Following, as it does, the automobile show, it should attract a fashionable audience, for Toronto may fairly claim at the present to be the most automaniac town in Canada.

It is not often that a dramatic critic makes an attempt to review his own play. Yet, Mr. Channing Pollock, the author of *The Little Gray Lady*, makes an effort at self-criticism in his department in *Ainslee's Magazine*, and succeeds in an extremely delicate undertaking. As it is so unusual a task, part of his "write-up" may be interesting to Toronto readers: "The production of the *Little Gray Lady*, by Maurice Campbell, at the Garrick Theater—afterward it moved to the Majestic—puts me in the position which I have dreaded since first I essayed to be a dramatist Doctor Jekyll and a critical Mr. Hyde. I wrote *The Little Gray Lady*. This being true, I might perhaps be supposed to know more about the play than any mere outsider, but I encounter a universal unwillingness to believe that a man can have an impartial estimate of his own work. If I said *The Little Gray Lady* was bad, I should be accused of posing. If I said it was good, I should be convicted of prejudice. Accordingly, I shall confine myself to observing that *The Little Gray Lady* is an exemplification of all the theories and ideas that I have been setting forth in this and other magazines. I wrote *The Pit* because I had an opportunity to do so. I dramatized *In the Bishop's Carriage* because I thought the piece would make a general appeal—and some money. I wrote *The Little Gray Lady* because I wanted to. If my view of the theater is wrong, so is that comedy; if right, so is *The Little Gray Lady*."

A playwright seldom gets the chance to explain himself to the public, but in his repudiation of the idea that the leading characters in a play necessarily embody the dramatist's idea of a hero or a heroine? Mr. Pollock is eminently satisfying. It will probably be next year before Toronto has a chance to judge of the charms of *The Little Gray Lady*. One remarkable feature about it is that the characters are neither of the smart set nor the slums, but people who work all day, earn a little and endeavor to spend a little less—people, in short, "most remarkable like you." It is so unusual for a modern play to win popularity without exploiting the misunderstood wife or the multi-millionaire that one must conclude that Mr. Pollock has shown the ideal in the everyday life of Mrs. Jordan's boarding-house.

In the April number of a London magazine there is a "symposium" regarding the secret of success on the stage, to which several prominent members of the theatrical profession contribute. Miss Evelyn Millard says that imagination of an intensely vivid character is the most valuable quality for the stage and disagrees with Diderot's theory that the actor should simulate feeling and not feel at all. Mr. William Mollison treats the question lightly and indulges in several playful remarks, beginning with "Opportunity is not a bad thing." He asserts, "You must have an ambition that makes it absolutely painful not to be getting on," and naively adds, "To be charming in manner and nice in disposition are also great helps." Mr. Hermann Vezin places a negative quality first, and says: "I should say it was the corresponding quality of that which makes a bird sing. . . . If I had to give it a name I should call it self-unconsciousness."

Mr. Lewis Waller, in Emersonian fashion, declares that the capacity for hard work is the first quality and the last, and embraces all the qualities that lie between. Mr. James Welch is a modern of the moderns in insisting upon advertisement as a large part of theatrical success. He gives a most practical analysis in this fashion: "Business capacity, seventy-five per cent.; opportunity, twenty per cent.; talent and training, five per cent." But on the heels of this opinion comes the verdict of Miss Marie Tempest, who asserts that intelligence is the great quality which brings success. Mr. Martin Harvey, whose work in *The Only Way* induces a wish for his early return to America, says that an understanding sympathy is the great essential; but Mr. Charles Hawtrey concludes his

paragraph in this emphatic manner: "To sum up the whole question there remaineth these three: influence, personality and brains, and the greatest of these is luck."

Shea's Theater is every week adding to its reputation as a high-class vaudeville house. This week's programme is entirely excellent, and contains some noteworthy features. Miss Louise Gunning has a voice of charming sweetness and sings Scotch ballads in a graceful manner, that took the audience by storm. Eddie Leonard and the Sharp Brothers gave an interesting minstrel sketch. Miss Jennie Farron made a hit with her comic ditties. Wotpert Trio performed some daring acrobatic feats, and were followed by the Petching Brothers with an interesting musical number. Smith and Campbell got rid of some very amusing sayings, and Al Shean and Charles Warren put on a roaring farce, entitled *Quo Vadis Upside Down*. Leon Morris and Company, with a well-trained animal troupe, and the usual kinetograph completed the bill.

The twentieth Annual Benefit of the Toronto Theatrical Mechanical Association, given at the Princess on Friday afternoon, 23rd inst., attracted a large attendance as usual. The programme was a high-class and varied one, including one act from the *Virginian*, being given at the Princess; an act from *Breaking Into Society* by the Four Mortons, from the Grand; a photographic comedy by Maughan and Scott; the clever Irish sketch by Callahan and Mack; and songs by Burton and Brooks, of Shea's; Harry Hedrix and Ada Prescott, dancers, the four Melvin Brothers, gymnasts, Miss Berlo and Century Comedy Four, and Ella Gilbert and the Kentucky Belles Company, from the Star; and Lillian Lippman, song and dance artist, from the Grand. The choice of turns from the various theaters was excellent, and the entire programme was most enjoyable.

Herr Kressin, the nominal editor of the *Leipziger Volks Zeitung*, which, next to the *Vorwarts*, is the most influential Socialist paper in Germany, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for *lese majeste* for a series of articles. Herr Kressin did not write the articles himself. He is merely employed to go to prison when the real editor transgresses the press laws. The articles did not mention the present King, but passed severe judgment upon the monarchs of centuries ago.

The Lenten Lady.

In other days fair Ethel would
My humble gifts admire,
Devouring chocolates while we sat
Before a cosy fire.
But now upon my bon-bon box
Reproachful looks are bent;
"Oh, no, I couldn't touch them now,
Because, you see, it's Lent."

Sweet Phyllis has artistic moods,
And loves the daisies meek;
She thinks it is so sweet of me
To give her flowers each week.
But when to her some daffodils
And mignonette I sent,
She said, "The violet's the flower
I care to have in Lent."

And Margaret is of romance fond,
She Weyman likes and Hope;
And can discourse of heroes bold
Who just escaped the rope.
But when last week a thrilling tale
All bound in red I sent,
She looked on me in pained surprise,
"I can't read that in Lent."

But Helen brought me deepest woe,
And turned my skies to grey;
Since her I deemed the best of all
And gave my heart away.
But when some sweetness from her lips
To steal I surely meant,
She sternly shook her golden head:—
"Oh, no, Dear Boy. It's Lent."

J. G.

Most people have a prejudice against "shop," unless it be their own.

Sir Squire Bancroft, in proposing the health of the Bishop of London, told a story in his inimitable way. A charming young damsel came to London to visit an aunt, who probably came originally from Scotland, for when the young lady was leaving in a cab for an evening party she said: "Now, mind, don't you pay him more than one shilling; it's his legal fare." Arrived at her destination the young lady sprang out, handed cabbie one shilling, and bounded up the steps of the house.

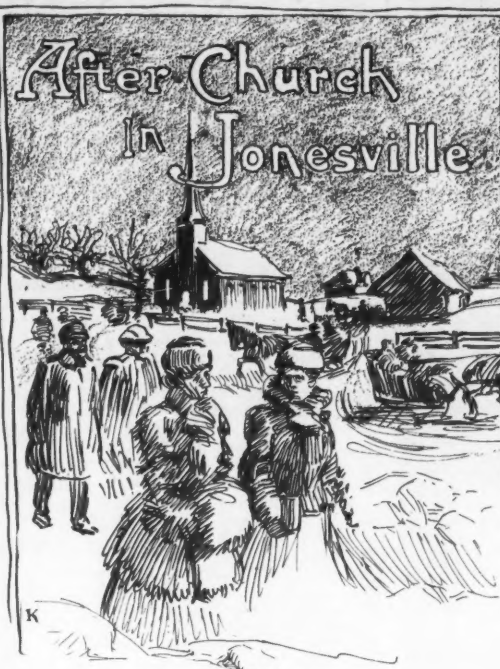
"Ere, I say, miss," called cabbie, "kin I ask you a question?"

"Yes, you may."

"Well, are you married?"

"No," she cried, indignant, "I'm not."

"Well, well, somebody's a-goin' to get a treasure, for I never seen a gal as could make a bob go further or do more hard work nor you, miss!"—*London Mail*



CHURCH was out in Jonesville, Ontario, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. McCracken were walking home. When they had proceeded down Main street as far as the home of the Browns, the latter insisted on their friends entering for a chat.

"Come right on in now," urged Mrs. Brown. "I haven't seen a soul to talk to to-day. Don't stand there freezin'. It's terrible cold. We'll have a cup of tea before you go. Why, you haven't seen my new coal-range, Mrs. McCracken. It's simply great. I can fix it up at night and it's goin' fine in the mornin', and if I'm out in the afternoon I haven't got to hurry home near so fast to get supper. You folks have a coal-heater in your sittin'-room. Now, what you need is a range. Why, those farmers got so outrageous, chargin' five dollars a cord for wood—and we have paid as high as six, spot cash—that it's a comfort to be independent of them. Of course, no matter what you get there's some drawback to it. Steve there won't hardly carry a scuttle of coal in, and when I give it to him for being lazy he says that's all I've got to do nowadays since I got the range. And then he makes the excuse that he don't know how to run it, and neither he does, but (Mr. and Mrs. McCracken were indoors by this time) come right through and see it, Mrs. McCracken. You, too, Mr. McCracken. I've fixed the kitchen up a bit since we got the range, and we're usin' it for a sittin'-room."

The range having been duly inspected, explained and admired, Mr. McCracken remarked, "That was a pretty good sermon Mr. Peters gave us to-night, don't you think so? That crack he gave them about gossipin' was a good one for them as would take it."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. McCracken. "Mrs. Peters herself can do her share. I think the minister ought to look to home first. If he'd stay in more and look after her family it would be better for her and him too."

"I'll tell you what I think about Mrs. Peters," interjected Mrs. Brown. "I think she's a bit too highfalutin altogether. I think it would look better for her to pay more attention to the people of her own church than to go gaddin' around with Mrs. Dr. Smith all the time. Look the way she makes a fuss over Mrs. Long, too, and her Cath'lic. Why, she hasn't been to see me for over a month, and I've never had a bite in their house, and they've been here a year and three months."

"It'll be a year and five months on the third of next month," said Mrs. McCracken.

"Let's see; yes, that's right when I come to think of it," agreed Mrs. Brown. "What do you think of that now? Why, the Rev. Mrs. Furlong used to visit us regular every week."

"She wasn't a Reverend," interposed Mr. Brown, who is a stickler in the matter of expression.

"Well, that's my way of puttin' it," returned Mrs. Brown, "and she was more of a Reverend than he was anyway. And I'll just tell you I put a flea in Mrs. Peters's ear the other day. She came up to me at the Ladies' Aid as sweet as you please, and started askin' me how we all were. I looked at her kind of dignified, and I says, 'We're all very well, thank you, I says, 'but I was just remarkin' to Mr. Brown yesterday that you hadn't been in to see us for quite a while. Some day when you're passing to Dr. Smith's we would be glad to have you drop in.' That took her back a little I guess."

"Do you think the revival meetin' that they're goin' to start will amount to much?" questioned Mrs. McCracken.

"I suppose," sneered Mr. McCracken, "that Bill Jones and Jim Brown will be chief pushers; I only wish they would call at my shop and pay me what they owe me. There's Tom Williams, too. He'll be another hustler. He's a nice specimen, he is. He hasn't settled for the lawn-mower he got from me four years ago."

"They're into me, too," grumbled Mr. Brown. "They're into everybody. Beautiful examples, they are."

"Oh, say, but did you hear the latest?" exclaimed Mrs. McCracken, with suppressed excitement. "Willie Thompson is goin' to be married."

"No, who to?" demanded Mrs. Brown, sitting up.

"Why, Miss Peters, of course, the swell Miss Peters."

"What about May Bailey of Cedarvale? He used to go out there regular."

"Oh, not much lately, since Miss Peters came to the village."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Brown cynically, "I'll never believe he's married to anyone till I see it. He's a born flirt, that's what he is. He's always got a new girl, especially any stylish strangers that come around."

"Willie Thompson's too smart for Jonesville is my opinion," commented Mr. Brown, "and too high-toned altogether. His father's a foolish man for turning over his insurance business to him. The old man made lots of money, but Willie'll go through it and the business too. People won't stand for his high-and-mighty independent manner."

"Uncle Tom was sayin' the other day," remarked Mrs. Brown, "that Willie's a better business man already than his father ever was, and that it's a good thing to have one or two such smart young fellows stay here and go into business instead of floatin' off to the city."

"Smart!" retorted Mr. Brown. "He's too smart, that's what I was tellin' you. Look at the style of him, and the way he goes down the street, as if he owned all one side and had a mortgage on the other."

"Uncle Tom says he's up-to-date and ambitious," returned Mrs. Brown.

"That's always your Uncle Tom's talk when he comes around. Ambitious! If a fellow gets stuck on bein' ambitious and goin' in for bein' a smart Alec, this ain't the place for him. A young fellow in a town like this ought to creep before he can walk, especially when he goes into business. Willie's father kept creepin' all his life, but he made more money than his son ever will."

"That's right," agreed Mr. McCracken. "Look at the money he throws away in clothes, and runnin' down

to the city, an' all kinds of nonsense. His father excuses him, and says he's gettin' progressive ideas. If he'd stay home and go easy and be careful of his money it would be better for him. Miss Peters may think she's makin' a mighty fine catch, but she'll find out there won't be so much style goin' after a while. Anyway, I'll bet they'll quarrel, they're both so high-strung."

"Say," laughed Mr. Brown, "talk about scrappin', wasn't that a great row Dr. Smith and Dr. McCarthy had at old man Gray's yesterday? The two docs. haven't spoken to each other for two years, but they met by accident there and got started something about professional etiquette. They say McCarthy would have chucked Smith right out of the house if someone hadn't interfered. That'll be a chance for Lawyer Burns and Lawyer O'Brien to get at each other. They haven't spoken to each other, either, since that Robinson case just after Burns came to the village."

"Land's sake, excuse me, Mr. Brown," cried Mrs. McCracken, "but just look at that clock—half-past ten, and we should have been in bed long ago. Come on, Chris, this minute."

"Why, there now, I clean forgot the tea," said Mrs. Brown regretfully, "can't you really wait a few minutes. How the evenin' has gone. Mr. Peters must have kept us in church later than usual. Well, if you must go, good-night, good-night. Run in again soon. Come early and we'll have time for a decent talk."

HAL.

The "Pinafore" Problem of a Too Polite Navy.

HOW long is it since *Pinafore* set London, and after London, the whole world laughing at naval politeness? It is so pitifully near to thirty-five years that we cease to speculate further, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*.

Annabuntur and that which seemed ludicrous yesterday, becomes a commonplace to-day. Hence, the slim-waisted youth who chuckled over the woes of Captain Corcoran and the development of whose sense of humor has scarcely kept pace with that of his abdomen, will hardly wag his gray beard over the fact that the *Pinafore* problem is now engaging the attention of the British Admiralty. Naval officers are instructed by that complicated and haughty body to give their commands in a "loud, distinct, and decisive manner." Readers of Captain Marryat will recall that orders in the palmy days of the British navy were always given loudly and decisively. The "distinctness," it is true, was occasionally missing. In fact, it had a way of getting lost among the "damned eyes" and *disjecta membra* of the saints. So far we note signs of unmistakable progress in a conservative institution. The age of science demands distinctness, the logic of naval development is insistent upon a closer approach to exactness, and the Admiralty, as representative of the British taxpayer, is determined to have what it pays for.

The modern executive officer is said to be too suave in his manners. Rumor has it that he is inclined to transfer the graces of the drawing-room to the quarter-deck. His words of command are said to approximate more closely to the pleading accents of one imploring a lady to take tea and currant cake, rather than to the clarion notes of a son of Neptune directing his assistant "when the stormy winds do blow-w-w-w."

The sweetness of the officer is said, moreover, to have a cloying effect upon the men, a clogging effect. The sprightliness of the sailor, which has become proverbial through the hornpipe of the music hall, is said to be vanishing. The activity of the men who drove the ships of England to victory what time Britannia ruled the waves, is falling off. An examination of the fare of the British sailor of Nelson's time will convince the most sceptical that it was not his food which made the sailor of that admiral skip like a young ram. On the contrary, according to all the rules of hygiene, it should have tied him into indissoluble knots. It was the voice of the officer, "the word of power," as the street evangelist hath it, which produced that marvelous alacrity. Now in the day of the *Dreadnought*, the British Admiralty fears the loss of the powerful word. The officers are requested to talk up, and to speak their piece, not so nicely but a little more loudly. It is said that so corroding has been the effect of British naval manners upon the crew, that in some ships the old-fashioned "Aye, aye, sir!" has given place to the reply "Very good, sir." To a lay mind the distinction is perhaps not sufficiently apparent, but the Admiralty knows. Therefore, lest such corruption should eat further into the marrow of the Service it insists upon the stentorian tones which were coeval with keel-hauling and the cat-o'-nines-tails.

The absence of sails is said to have diminished the volume of lung power of the young British officer. He does not need to shout so loudly, therefore he abstains from shouting. Thereupon the stupid lay mind again interposes the query, "Why the dickens should he shout if he has no need to do so?" We ask the British Admiralty this question, and in accordance with convention and custom, pause for a reply. None is forthcoming. Only the Oriental ally can provoke a reply on Service matters from the British Admiralty.



His Partner—I really never heard a better speech in my life! Such a wonderful flow of—
He—Great Scott! That reminds me—I've left the bath-room tap at home full on!

President Roosevelt frequently takes out Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, as riding companion. Lodge is an indifferent horseman at the best, and when the President gets out on the road and urges his horse to the utmost, Lodge has hard work keeping up and keeping aboard his horse. The orderlies who follow are constantly praying that Lodge will fall off some day. They do not like this "jurist of repute."

Newspapers are printing stories of a million dollars having been offered for a property at Cobalt. A million dollars is a large sum in cash, but might not be much in stock. It would be wise if the boomers would specify which they mean when their stories are started forth.—*Montreal Gazette*.



1619.

NIAGARA FALLS.



1916.

Life.

How Some Toronto Girls Live in New York

BY EDITH KILGOUR.

HOUSES, of course, in New York are luxuries unknown except to the very rich, and if one is to believe all one hears, they are by no means synonymous with homes. Not one of our little community has an extra penny to bless herself with, nor do we even aspire to the gorgeousness of a Fifth avenue mansion, but we have a snug little corner of our own up five flights of stairs, which, if it is not home, is a much better make-believe than many a great deal more pretentious.

There are four of us, and we are all from our beloved Queen City across the line. Our occupations, outside of housekeeping, are varied and manifold. One of us is an artist, and tramps every day to a downtown studio, where she underestimates a man who makes money. Another one is striving for name and fame—and bread and butter in the meantime—behind the footlight and comes in at uncanny hours, with muffled tread and hollow groan and all the proper setting for a dramatic entrance, which the rest of us do not at all appreciate at twelve o'clock at night. The other two are taking devious paths to get a foothold in "literature." One typewrites all day in a publishing house, and scribbles all her spare moments; the other lives on a meagre pittance and hope, and both go about with an insatiable thirst for "copy" and adventure.

We don't live in a fashionable quarter; in fact our apartment is perilously east, but it is new, and to counterbalance the tragic circumstance of five flights of stairs and no elevator, the sun shines in our rooms all day long, and the pigeons from the roof opposite roost on our window-sills. We have three rooms, a bath, a kitchen, a kitchen that is a model of compactness, and a lane which a very fat person could not get through, but which we dignify by the name of corridor. The furniture is not elaborate, but it is our own, and much of it is hand-made—a most desirable attribute in these modern times. It is all very simple—some uncomprehending mortals might call it crude—but it is bliss, even with the five flights, after a glimpse into the horrors of a New York boarding-house. We each took one shuddering peep, when we went first, and with one accord banded together for better or for worse, for a home of our own. Our friends were good to us, and we fell heir to many articles of furniture and household equipment, which, if they had served several days already, were all the more picturesque and interesting for that. Three young artists who have emerged from our state of "haching it" in a flat, to the dignity of apartments, and established reputations and incomes, left us their kitchen utensils and a dishpan, and, although it is battered and torn and we are in constant danger of ripping our hands on it, it is historic.

Our garbage-dish was once the silver cover of a Toronto millionaire before he passed from plated silver to sterling, and it also is historic. A happy family, which was breaking up temporarily, gave us a bed, two couches and a big chest of drawers. Everyone else we knew gave us something, and almost all we had to buy were cheese-cloth curtains for the windows and a generous supply of brown burlap. This we made into cushion-covers and table-cloth and cosy-corner, and, with our hand-made book-shelf and writing-desk, they covered a multitude of sins and gave our rooms quite an arts and crafts effect. Of course we could do very comfortably with lots of things we haven't got. For instance, we possess only four cups and saucers, and when anyone drops in—which is constantly occurring—one of us has to drink out of the lid of the sugar-bowl; and in cold weather there is always a rush for the wardrobe to get first choice of dressing-jackets and overcoats to act as comforters; and when company comes for meals, as we have also just four chairs, the linen-chest has to be brought in and act as a chair for the time. The linen-chest is the pride of our housewifely souls. It seems a sort of guarantee of sober, good housekeeping.

True, it was once only a soap-box, but it has since been turned on end and stained; a shelf divides it into compartments; an artistic curtain adorns its front entrance, and we all forget its humble origin in its new dignity of holding our modest supply of dust-ers and towels and table-linen. Our friends smile when we speak of our



"The one who cooks does not wash dishes."

table-linen, but that is a libel. We have two table-cloths besides the burlap. One is white, with a beautiful border of red boats weathering a red gale, and the other one, our everyday one, is a blue and white check gingham.

Our housekeeping arrangements are admirable. We take day about with the cooking, and the one who cooks does not wash dishes. In this way there is no quarrelling about the work; it is a burden to no one, and we have the most diversified and individualized meals. Our menus are anything but elaborate; indeed, it is a special occasion when we have more than one course, but that course is always plentiful, and would defy the criticism of an epicure. We all pride ourselves on our culinary accomplishments. You might not believe me if I told you how cheaply and how well we manage to live in this way. People who rail against New York prices do not shop on Second and Third avenues. The prices go up by leaps and bounds at every block. When

of fashion. On Second avenue one buys carrots and onions and parsnips individually, and potatoes by the pint. Hats are obsolete, and fascinators and shawls are the last word in chic head-gear. The little Delicatessen shop around the corner is our refuge in time of emergency or laziness. There one can buy all the table luxuries the heart of the poor man can desire—hot soup, cold meats, pork and beans, salads, spaghetti, Sauerkraut and Wienerwurst, and other similar foreign delectables, to say nothing of the pickles, an enticing array. And behind the counter a sleek young man, with black hair and sheep's eyes, makes an ideal background. We are on the friendliest of terms, a desirable thing when funds are low and credit may be had for a smile. Whenever the wind blows from the east or the thermometer falls a degree we know what to expect. Without fail he asks us if we feel more at home. The words never vary. No assurances on earth could change his mind about the climate of Canada. It would be very unfortunate if they could. Our conversational stock-in-trade would be gone. Another of our faithful admirers—I should not say "ours," for he belongs exclusively to the literary girl—is the little German clerk at the drug store. He beams from ear to ear when she appears, and always insists on licking her stamps for her, no light matter when you remember she is a literary lady.

These are our most intimate acquaintances in the neighborhood, but our back yard and windows abound with casual ones. There is the clothes-line man, who stands far beneath on top of the fences that separate the little courts, and calls out in a harrowing voice, "Gu-la," which is Italian for clothes-lines. Then there is another man who cries out in a different but no less harrowing voice: "I-know," which must be Jewish for rags, bones and bottles. And there is the man with a much worse voice still, who sings: "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," and the other latest things in music-hall horrors; and the little German band, and the blind cornet player, all of whom we know well and to all of whom we occasionally throw coppers from our far-off windows. It makes good target-shooting, and keeps us in practice. Higher up in the social scale, in one of the windows opposite, lives a withered old maid, with a family of cats that look innocent enough by day, but make night ghastly with their never-ending chromatic scales. In another window a four-generation family sun themselves. The two extremes, a tremble white-haired old man and a scrawny little baby seem absurdly anomalous in a fourth-story New York flat. Opposite us a man and two haggard women, who never seem to speak, sew all day and long into the night on men's clothes; and in still

another window the merriest German family lives and holds Saturday evening salons, when songs and funny stories and dancing and the dulcet tones of a phonograph entertain the community. Their next-door neighbors, a party of dark, sullen-looking men, prefer poker, and play on long after we are in dreamland. But we "sit above it all; we are alone with the stars."

Monday morning is gala day in the neighborhood. Visitors who come to exclaim about the wonderful view of the city to be had from our roof, but I prefer the view from our back windows on a Monday morning. From every window on every floor rows on rows of clothes, of all sizes, shapes and conditions, most stimulating to the imagination, meet the eye. The court below and the windows opposite are shut completely off from view. Everywhere the eye can reach, "stretched in never-ending line," above and across, and over the neighboring roof garden, in every varying shade of white, and with an occasional dash of color to catch the eye, the Monday washings flutter and dance in the breeze, and gleam like a freshly-fallen snow-bank with the rays of the sun. "Ten thousand saw I at a glance, tossing their feet in sprightly dance." (With apologies.) The sight moves me unconsciously to the recital of Wordsworth's song about the daffodils. This is the poetry of New York, the one aesthetic touch in a wilderness of bricks and mortar and men.

I wonder if Wordsworth would have been Wordsworth if he had had vistas of clothes-lines to write about instead of daffodils?

the North of Ireland and the blood of Ulster never fails to respond to either bon-mot or broil. There was an appreciative twinkle in Mr. Hanna's dark eyes when Hon. Richard Harcourt saw fit last week to express a desire for more Irishmen in the Legislature. Whether it is fun or fighting, the Provincial Secretary is in the front, and it may readily be believed that he sighs at times for the days when he was "agin the Government." He used to take a special joy in camping on the trail of Hon. James Connec, who was never unequal to the occasion, and whose removal to a Federal sphere must have brought sorrow to the Hanna heart.

It was no easy matter for this young Sarnia lawyer to fight his way to being Conservative representative for West Lambton, and Mr. Hanna has no objection to telling about how he was "licked" in 1896, seeming to find satisfaction in the fact that he lost his deposit in that contest for a Dominion seat. Again, in 1900, he was defeated in a race for Ottawa, but reduced the Liberal majority to 180, and, in the merry month of May, 1902, he was elected to the Ontario Legislature with a majority of 151. His services to his party in the session of 1903 were not limited to "oratory," but culminated in an expedi-



Hon. W. J. Hanna.

tion to New York State on the evening of that sad Tuesday when the Tories of Toronto realized that the Man from Manitoulin had become the Buffalo Exile. Without saying anything to the daily papers or the party powers, Mr. Hanna went in search of the elusive hero who had nobly refused to stay bought. No one is aware of what happened, but defiant telegrams to a distinguished lawyer were in the papers next day, and the followers of Mr. Whitney began to breathe again.

During the session of 1904 the West Lambton Member again showed his fighting qualities, making Messrs. Connec and Bowman as uncomfortable as it was in the power of an Opposition member to render them. One of the most dangerous subjects for politicians to touch (professionally speaking) is the liquor legislation, and undoubtedly one of the most interesting features of the present session is the amendment to the License Act, introduced by Mr. Hanna on March 20th. It was courageously presented by a man who was not afraid to profess that it was a matter of business, not of concession, and whose admission that some Scotchmen desire their own beverage on the New Year, while certain Irishmen long for a drop of Erin's "craythur" on the seventeenth of March or the twelfth of July, fairly made the W. C. T. U. hold its untainted breath. The only occasion on which the Whitney Government has been strenuously attacked by the independent press was after the resignation of Toronto's Board of License Commissioners, consequent on the dismissal of inspectors. Mr. Hanna bore the brunt of the displeasure, in unflinching silence, and so far has not seen fit to "explain" the incident.

But this much may be taken for granted, that he will enforce the law, so long as it is the law, to the limit of his authority, and that his "keep-hotel" injunction is to be taken as read. He may indulge in no high-flown reforms, but his legislation will not be of the "bluff" order. Anything like extreme conventionalism is an infinite bore to him, and the decorous black costume in which he appears when he is to introduce startling license fees is likely to depress the "genial current of his soul," which prefers a rather careless garb, to which is added a soft black hat, worn at a sinister angle. He is likely to be for many years a leading force in Ontario politics, which is a much livelier sphere for his influence.

Internal Economy.

Black Jim, the errand boy, would persist in eating his cake or pie first and the grosser elements afterwards. His mistress expostulated, so Jim explained, "You see, Miss Sunie, I al-lers wants good room for my pie and cake, so if anything has to be left out it can be de peas."

He Knew.

"Papa, what is a sober fact?" "The tight money market, Johnnie," replied his father dejectedly.

If you suffer with TOOTHACHE use
GOVERNMENT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH WASH

as it disinfects and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums—also good for those having false teeth. For sale by all druggists.

D. Watson & Co., Agents.
444 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Delights the Connoisseur

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Gold Label is the Finest Tea in the World

60c. per pound—at all grocers.
Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

Heintzman & Co.

"MINIATURE" GRAND PIANO

(Made by Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co., Limited)

Do you know it? To everyone it is a source of genuine surprise and delight. That within so small a compass, namely, 5 ft. 8 in., there should be reproduced all the superior tonal and singing qualities of our famous concert grand piano, is indeed a marvel. But such are the facts. The full, rich and sweet tone of this beautiful instrument, combined with its dainty appearance, is to-day giving the keenest satisfaction to Canadians in all parts of our large and prosperous Dominion. Recent sales include several in Manitoba and British Columbia, where its fame has already spread.

—You have our invitation to call and inspect this acme of success in piano building by a firm that has led Canada in piano construction for 50 years.

PIANO SALON—115-117 King St. West,
TORONTO, CANADA

Color number on every spool

Corticelli Spool Silk

Runs smoothly through the needle.

PERRIN GLOVES
STYLE - FIT - DURABILITY
Sold Everywhere.

Old Furniture

Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

B.M. & T. Jenkins
422-424 Yonge St.,
Toronto.

Montreal.

London, Eng.

The Provincial Secretary

WHEN, during the turbulent session of 1903, the Ontario Legislature was having the most stormy debate in its history, there arose a new Member at the close of one afternoon. There was at first little interest manifested in the Honorable Gentleman from West Lambton, who was separated by a long line of desks from his leader, Mr. Whitney. But after the first ten minutes, the influence of the resonant voice and crisp sentences began to be felt and people asked for plans of the House, while a Conservative visitor from Kingston said, "Who is he, anyway?" "I don't know," was the reply

of a Torontonian, "but I believe he'll be a Cabinet Minister in less than two years." "Make it a bet," urged the Kingston person. So a bet it was, and in February, 1905, the Kingston Tory was too happy over the results of January 25th to be disturbed by losing a small wager. In 1902, Mr. W. J. Hanna was first elected to the Ontario Legislature, and on an extremely cold day in 1905 the Toronto papers announced that he was a member of Premier Whitney's Cabinet.

Mr. Hanna has several qualities that make for success, and not the least of these is humor. He can see a joke from afar, and always goes more than half-way to meet it, even when it comes from the Opposition benches. It was this quality in his earliest speech that first refreshed those who were somewhat weary of the heavy attacks and awful warnings regarding Royal Commission vs. Committee of the House. The manner in which

he applied the story of the Plagues of Egypt to the then sorrowful plight of the Ontario Government was worthy of the rarest traditions of "Sir John," while in his more serious moments he proved himself a foeman worthy of the best steel in the opposite ranks. When he sat down after a speech of several hours' duration, he had "arrived," and only those who had not heard him, in debate were surprised when the "new man" was entrusted with the portfolio of Provincial Secretary.

Mr. Hanna is a cheerful distance from the chloroformable decade, as he celebrated his forty-third birthday only last October, and has, in spite of a reputation for hard work, even when he contemplates a "Telegram" editorial on License Inspectors he has dismissed and License Commissioners who have dismissed themselves. His accent explains much, for it is of

FOR CONSTIPATION

Hunyadi Janos

THE BEST

Natural Laxative Water. A Sure Cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver and all Stomach Troubles. Nature's own infallible remedy. Brings relief in the easy, natural way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a small bottle.

There is no other salt for table use that can compare with

Windsor SALT

It is absolutely pure—never cakes—and is always the same.

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those claiming to be Osteopaths who hold Correspondence diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose courses call for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg
King St. West

HERBERT C. JAQUITH,
Confederation Life Bldg
J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
162 Bloor St. East

GEORGE W. A. COOK,
169 College Street.

WE CAN SAVE YOU 25 TO 75% ON TYPEWRITERS RENT

a Machine from us and we will teach you how to operate it. Rentals from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per month, according to make of machine.

TYPEWRITERS SOLD ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. THE DOMINION TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

Dominion Building, 72 Victoria Street TORONTO, CANADA

Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle

De Miracle

a revolution to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you as the BARE WORDS of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for \$1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 111 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no need to do all that is claimed for it). For sale by all first-class drug stores, department stores and

The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

You can't do good work if you don't get good sleep. And you can't get good sleep on anything but a Marshall Sanitary Mattress. It fits.

Get a Catalogue.

Phone M. 4533.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Limited

961 King St. West : : : Toronto

Beattie M. Conna

Osteopathy

Graduate of American School of Osteopathy, under Dr. J. M. Palmer, Founder of the Science.

Treating all Diseases of Women and Children

WITH TORONTO INSTITUTE OF OSTEOPATHY
367 BATHURST STREET
ESTABLISHED 1897

NO VIBRATORS NO HYPNOTISM

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, cures the gum, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

German-Canadian.—May 21 brings you under Gemini, the June sign, which rules from May 20 to June 21. The children of June have hard work sometimes to decide on a career, and your question as to what business you are best fitted for could only be answered by yourself. It will be that into which you feel you are throwing all the force you have, without any reservation or doubt. When a Gemini gets that, she is sure of success. Your writing shows ambition, persistence, varying impulse (you are under an air sign), affection, love of comfort, capacity for concentration and care of detail. There is a good deal of push and energy, but the tone is neither aggressive nor dominant. Don't be too trustful nor yet afraid to give of your interest and help. It's better to give everything than to refuse and hoard, but I fancy you will strike a canny medium.

Elizabeth M.—This is an interesting and able study, full of the genius and element of Sagittarius, the fire sign, ruling December 16. You are adaptable, shrewd, and of the brightest perception and appreciation, logical and just deduction and very positive quality. Certainly the fire sometimes burns fiercely and its effect upon the person born under Aquarius, or his effect upon you, needs careful watching. The date of your "future" is under Aquarius, an air sign. Do not let yourself become selfish. Elizabeth, and strive for honest and exact impression and expression. You are tenacious and high-strung, have taste, thought and care for details. To do slovenly, unfinished or inartistic work isn't your way. A bright, magnetic and able girl you are.

Llada.—Help! Help! Here's another "tack-on!" This one says her name is "Gladys." Oh, shade of Merely Mary Ann! It is a nice little study, too, embossed edges on the stationery, which is of the faintest tint of mauve, and the carefree commas all over the envelope. But I am afraid it's breaking a butterfly to dissect the writing. Won't Llada please wait until mere dainty prettiness has hardened into serious meaning?

Inzia.—There is indeed considerable character in your lines. As to your friends recognizing your writing in the next world, put the horrible suggestion far from here. They might ask me for a delineation, and it would be too like work on earth. February 22, which you share with George Washington, is a very good birthday, coming under a lovely and pure sign, Pisces, the last of the twelve. You have many of its most ingratiating traits, with a certain elusiveness, eminently characteristic. You are a beauty lover, and of a deeply loving nature, probably sensitive, and if unduly criticized restive or sullen. You could fill a responsible and important post, have a certain quiet persistence of opinion, some imagination, very fond of praise and needing it to do your best. A charming study.

Deward.—"I was born in England on the 4th of April, 1890. I have resided in Toronto during the last five years, professionally engaged." Such is your surprising statement which I fancy needs revising. It may be that you will next week celebrate your sixteenth birthday, but I fancy you've made a slip of the pen. It is quite agree with you regarding Dr. Torrey's religion as it strikes an outsider; and that Mr. Alexander is a "wild conductor of sacred music" is an interesting criticism. It sounds more than sixteen, though, Deward. Your writing is full of feeling, some taste, concentration, ambition to rise and excel, good buoyancy and excellent sequence of ideas. Enterprise, but no reckless impulse, deliberate thought, great appreciation of beauty and harmony, frankness and a conservative turn of mind are indicated. A little more snap and decision would improve it.

"Molly O!"—There is great force, dominant will and self-reliant tone, but as for logic, reason, patience and thought—dear child, they are not visible. You say "patience is a virtue" sometimes it isn't. You have admirably discreet, almost mistrustful attitude, ambition, adaptability, and should be original and clever. The study lacks tact, sympathy and consideration, three things one especially needs for the stage, if one would make a good impression, the one that lasts in the hearts of the public. Easy,

Molly O! Easy's the word. You are so bright and strong, I forgive you the green paper.

Nick.—"I was born on Oct. 23, 1894."—Say, good Nicholas, what's the matter with you all this week? Do you realize the curious fact that a Bank Manager of eleven years of age is rather unusual? You ask if I can tell by your writing if you are fitted for your position. That usually reliable evidence contradicts your statement of your age so flatly that I might even say you have suavity, care, adaptability and a somewhat long head, and can be cautious in business, however frank and offhand otherwise. Your hand isn't really formed yet, and a few years of the responsibility you now bear will change it, or the bank will probably change you! It is a fairly good hand, which should become able. You are born just on the Cusp of Scorpio and Libra, and should have qualities of both. As a Scorpio man you should be on your guard against the "jolly" customer; as a Libra man, against worry and impatience in yourself. May success attend you, my precocious manager.

A Stand-Patter.—The "boys under you" know what I meant when I said you were no rest cure. You answered yourself in that sentence. Now, have you answered? My regards to you and the "best-natured girl in Toronto." I know your sort. Had one of 'em myself. You need not explain how you do it, but you don't seem "meek" to me. I hope I gave you as good a character as you deserve. By the way, what a choice collection of horrid things one might amass over "heard in a street car." I wish I could tell Mrs. Stand-Patter one I overheard yesterday. I am not done laughing at it yet!

Gracie Greene.—If you really will take advice on so personal and serious a subject, I should say the later date would be preferable. It is not a great deal that it is a matter of no importance; tell him very good-naturedly and graciously that you can change it to better suit his plans, and explain that it makes some more trouble for you, on account of renewed and different supplies being necessary. Just be perfectly honest and unaffected, and say yes, and let it drop. A man knows when he is being humored and when he is being deceived and the result fits the knowledge. I often fancy all those absurd theories about "managing" men must be written by old maids or perhaps by men, in a moment of mischievous impulse. A fig for the male creature who will allow himself to be managed. May I wish you very much happiness, good Gracie, and may I have a large piece of cake?

Polyanthus.—The Albany concert is now a thing of the past, so your query has been fully answered. No one could help being good to Albany, she has so big and warm a nature, and is so natural a woman. I am glad your delineation of long ago was correct. By all means choose the deep blue. This isn't a fashion column, but your ideas and designs sound very good.

Romolo (Guelph).—November 4 brings you well under the Scorpio influence, and that powerful sign is working upon your lines. You are formal and rather dignified in expression, a fine Scorpio trait. You think and express yourself clearly and deliberately, appreciate beauty and excellence keenly, are discreet, a trifle wavering in some matters as yet, but of a receptive and reflective nature. You give an impression of reasonable content and a rather restful temperament, with hope fair and temper amiable. It is not by any means a finished hand.

Aylmer Correspondent.—You may recall your remark that you would be "tickled to death" if I gave you a delineation. I cannot read your nom de plume, so you had better try again, with less fatal prospects, and kindly write on plain white paper.

LADY GAY'S

THE other day I was reading with some amusement an article on how to be a model hostess. The absolute self-abnegation involved, according to the author of the screed, entitled the model hostess, in my humble opinion, to a small chateau in Paradise, for she is far too good for earth. No ordinary woman would ever want to see a strange grip-sack on her doorstep if she were expected to undergo the discipline of the model hostess. I think a few lines on how to be a guest, just at this time of year, when we are enjoying so many such blessings, might be a set off to the poor hostess aforesaid. In the first place a guest should arrive when she is expected, not, however, being held responsible for vagaries of the railroad, which, the last time I traveled, made a four-and-a-half-hour trip spin out all night. Suppose one is delayed, a telegram should at once be sent to the expectant hostess, not, as so often happens, leaving her with a ruined meal, an exasperated maid or cook, and the strain of uncertainty—poor provision to meet a tired or cross traveler. The guest arriving in these civilized parts should have a suit-case with whatever she may need for the night, or for a little furnishing, and send her trunk by the expressman; if she comes at night, have them sent up next morning. No use keeping servants and hostess waiting until all hours for their delivery. The guest should realize that she isn't a parcel to be toted about everywhere, nor yet a visitor at a hotel, to have drawing-room, telephone, maid and all the resources of the home at her caprice and disposal. And yet there are very delightful guests who keep a professional man's telephone blocked half the time, while they chaff male and female chums thereover, who have evening visitors

six nights a week, who come down late to breakfast or stop aloft until it has to be sent up, who never realize that their hostess gets tired of them under her feet every minute, who run her off her very legs, amusing, entertaining and taking them to dinners, luncheons and cards. You and I have seen quiet households turned topsy-turvy for a month in such fashion, and no matter how much the mistress loves and admires her guest, she breathes a breath of absolute emancipation when she sees her aboard her train. It's almost worth while having her that one may enjoy the subsequent repose. There is a guest who, not content with out-her, never was, outraged innocence personified so fairly! Of course, no one expects a perfect guest; when an outsider comes into the family, she brings a strange individuality, unaware of those corners which generate friction, and alien to the peculiar atmosphere of that home. She may spend her visit securely entrenched, and depart like an inanimate object, never leaving even an impression; she may leave ashes and destruction, impotent rage and politely-veiled resentment, she may leave nervous prostration, or jealousy, or bankruptcy, or insurrection below stairs, or broken trust above, or any old thing, if she be the wrong sort of guest. People don't talk of it, but you will notice you don't see her there again! What a contrast to this one sometimes sees; the clasp of hands, firm and honest, the man and the woman of the house sincerely voicing the request "You'll come again when you can," the servants willing, hearty in each little service, not because of the well-greased palm, in fact somewhat resenting the lubrication, so happy have been the conditions during the stay of the good guest. And wifely and hubby are honest in their dumps that evening, and decide to go to some trifling amusement, not exactly confessing their dullness, but smiling and saying "Good old girl (or boy), how we have enjoyed that visit!" And the guest has enjoyed it also, because the sort of person who prunes acute consideration for host and hostess, is a lady or gentleman who lives a happy life, loving and giving, blessing and being blessed.

A correspondent happens to ask "What is the Perfect Life?" Sir Edwin Arnold's lines, which are always where I can get them, say: "For love, to clasp eternal beauty close; for glory, to be lord of self; for pleasure, to live beyond the gods; for countless wealth to lay up lasting treasure of perfect service rendered, duties done in charity, soft speech and stainless days. These riches shall not fade away in life, nor any death dispraise." I am always glad I met him long ago, when he gave me those lines in answer to a somewhat similar question. I knew a girl some forty years ago who had asked Kingsley for "a song." She had it, written by him, and the second of the two verses has been quoted the world over:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, nor dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever one grand, sweet song!"

And we have sometimes disputed over the British practical tenor of that song, for she was convinced it was all-sufficient, and I held fast for my dreams. And she being clever, spite of the insinuation of the song, said tartly, "Dream then, at night—this is a day affair," which I, being of a sound sleeping habit, never can manage to do, any more than I accomplish the "noble things" which, presumably, take up her hours.

It was a grey day: not the grey of Toronto, which is sparrow grey, grubby, grimy, with a touch of smoke and soot about it, but the grey of the rocks and the grey of the sea, and the brooding, gentle grey of the low clouds, and the grey of the wall of fog some half-mile out over the quiet water. We sat upon the grey rocks, and the grey gulls wheeled near and far. The little one was telling me what her life had been, and her small foot moved to and fro under the hem of her grey homespun gown and peeped out and withdrew, for through a tiny worn place in the leather the point of her grey stocking was showing. The insistence of the monotone began to get on my nerves, so that I turned to look at her face. Her great serious eyes were grey, and she was saying, "An' so, y'see, I'll live on and on here, as, until me hair is grey, me hair is grey." Now, wasn't that just enough to make one paint old St. John's red? She is there yet, that little girl, but I don't suppose I shall ever again see her just in that peculiar way, for she is often a merry wee soul. That there is no one to marry only makes her shrug her small shoulders philosophically, for the quiet of nature is in her being and no one has yet awakened her heart. And she looks with her beautiful grey eyes far over the grey sea, and says softly, "An' some day I'll die too, an' they'll put me over there with the others, on that hill. I just hope I'll be caught in the sea, when my time comes, an' go down an' stay down. Denny's down there, an' Will Dawe and me father. I'd not mind it the least bit. Aw, come on, and I'll take you the way back home now. You've got chilled sittin' on the rocks." For somehow the idea of going away down to find Denny and Will Dawe and father didn't appeal to me, and I was foolish enough to shiver.

LADY GAY.

GOLD MEDAL

For ALE AND PORTER

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

AT ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, 1904

TEACHER'S

Whiskies with a World-Wide Reputation

GEO. J. FOY, TORONTO

And at all the leading Hotels and Retail Stores.

Special Representative for Canada, D. C. McIVER, Toronto.

Granby "Neverslip" Rubbers (For Men)

Here is a Rubber that will not come off in the "middle of the street." It clings to the shoe with a bulldog grip. Because of our **Potent Elastic Shank**. This shank is tough, springy rubber that keeps GRANBY "NEVERSLIPS" snug and tight on the shoe.

They are made exclusively by the Granby Rubber Co. and have the famous Granby heel and the Granby trademark.

INSIST on having "GRANBY NEVERSLIPS." They never slip off.

The Wolsey

Never Shrink Underwear

GUARANTEED PURE WOOL.

The true wear for Canadian Winters. Maintains the skin in a healthy condition and the body at a comfortable temperature. Soft as silk. For men, women and children. Leading Stores and Men's Outfitters sell and recommend Wolsey Underwear. You won't be Satisfied with any other.

1-20

SHOES FOR WOMEN

WHO LIKE STYLE

THE "Hagar Shoe" FOR ME PLEASE

They're more comfort, style and wear for the price than any other shoe made.

\$3.50 to \$5.00

SOLE AGENTS:

H. & C. BLACHFORD

114 Yonge Street, Toronto

SEARCH FAR AND WIDE

You'll always find that most of the well dressed men here in town, have their names on our **valet list**. We invite you to join them.

Fountain, "My Valet" Cleaner and Repairer of Clothes

30-32 Adelaide Street West. Telephone M. 3074

IT'S JUST AS EASY

to get Stewart's Chocolates as any others. They cost no more than pure Chocolates should cost. And they are so rich, so good, that you will always ask for

Stewart's Delicious Chocolates

All the best dealers have Stewart's.
The Stewart Co. Limited, Toronto.

No Breakfast Table
complete without

EPPE'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious
and Economical.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

Splendid Service

TO
**HAMILTON
WELLAND
NIAGARA FALLS
and
BUFFALO**

"The Scenic Route." Frequent service of superbly equipped trains, the most modern and luxurious on the run. Parlor, cafe and dining cars—chair car for smokers. Fast time.

For train times and particulars, call or ring up the City Ticket Office, southeast corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone M. 149.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"St. Catharine's Well"

This celebrated mineral springs resort, is just a few minutes run from Toronto on the fast Grand Trunk Express trains, leaving Toronto 9.00 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. daily.

Put away business cares, and there spend a few days. It will be worth a lot to you. \$3.60 round trip from Toronto.

Secure tickets at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. (Phone main 4209.)

The Wabash System

Is the short and true route from Canada to Texas, Old Mexico, California and Cuba. Passengers leaving Toronto Thursday night trains, arrive at Havana Monday morning, via St. Louis and Mobile.

Special low one way colonist rates on sale daily until April 7, to Old Mexico, Texas, California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and other Pacific Coast points.

There is nothing more assuring to the traveler, than his knowledge of the fact, that he is traveling over the Great Wabash System.

Full particulars from any Railroad Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto and St. Thomas.



**SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF**

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO.

And of all Home Holders.
Telephone Park 144.

The average young fellow is willing to be a bread-winner, but the trouble is he generally marries a girl who has been used to pie.—"Puck."



SHE came in with a rustle and a flutter that attracted the attention of every occupant of the Belt Line car.

Talk of frou-frou! There was the swish and swirl of an ocean steamer, a regular Turbina line of them, in the sound of her skirts. So much was it in evidence that a woman whispered, "There must be a dozen silk petticoats on her."

As I sat and stared at the French-heeled, beautifully-gowned creature, with the dimples, brown hair and lovely eyes, it seemed to me we had met before. Suddenly there was a look of recognition on her face, and in a moment all this radiance was in the seat beside me, fairly embracing me.

"Don't you remember me?" she exclaimed. Then a memory came to me of a girl whom I had known eight years ago in Toronto, who gave promise of being a lovely singer.

After a little chat, she remarked: "My name is Mrs. So-and-So now."

"Oh! you are to be congratulated then?"

"Well, you see, after you left the city I was married and did awfully well. My husband took me all over Europe, and spent lots of money over me, but we had been home just two months when he died. He was a wee, thin, asthmatic man—really, I should have known better than to have married him."

"Too bad," said I, sympathetically, "then you are a widow?"

"Oh! no, my dear, it was like this. I met a man who was even better fixed than the last, and I married him. He was the promoter of a large trust, so we went to San Francisco, and all over the continent—we were gone for two years, and we stayed at lovely hotels and all that, you know. He was awfully nice, but he was short, stout and apoplectic, and those sort go quickly, and then," she added in a sweet, smiling, dimply way, giving a tug at her veil and working her mouth to loosen it, with that fly-catching way that women have, "will you believe it, but in a few months after our return didn't

committed a great crime to take his own life. "No," said Johnson, "such a man should go to some far country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known." Another time they were discussing Scotland, the native country of Boswell. "Do you know," remarked Boswell, "that there never was a beggar found starving on the streets of a city of Scotland?" "This does not arise from want of beggars," replied the doctor, "but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

When the eminent Wu Ting-Fang was Chinese minister at Washington, he was the guest of honor at one of the leading clubs, where he made an address, and was afterward entertained by some of the younger members, who thought it would be great fun to get the Oriental diplomat intoxicated. They plied him with champagne, highballs, and beer until about 3 a.m., by which time most of the clubmen were maudlin. Cool as a cucumber, Mr. Wu surveyed the crowd, and said, gravely, in his perfect English: "If I didn't know this club was composed entirely of gentlemen I should say that you fellows were trying to get me drunk." The session adjourned very shortly thereafter.

A Boston couple were recreating near Augusta, and met an old negro woman to whom they took a fancy. They invited her to pay them a visit, and the black woman accepted, especially as her expenses were paid. In due time she arrived in Boston, and was installed in the house of the white folks. She occupied one of the best rooms and ate at the same table with her host and hostess. At one of the meals the hostess said: "Mrs. Jones, you were a slave, weren't you?" "Yes, marm," replied Mrs. Jones; "I belonged to Mar's Robert Howell."

"I suppose he never invited you to eat at his table," remarked the Boston woman. "No, honey; dat he ain't," replied Mrs. Jones; "my master was a gentleman. He ain't never let no nigger set at de table long er him."

Representative Hardwick, from Georgia, was recently traveling in a Pullman car. Hardwick is the smallest man in the House. The presence of a negro passenger gave him great concern, and after the negro had gone into the dining-car and eaten his dinner, sitting near the Georgian, the Georgia member went to the conductor and asked that the negro be put out of the car. "We can't do that, sir," the conductor answered. "Well, if that fresh nigger gets near

me I'm going to wipe up the car with him," declared the Georgian; "I won't have him around me." Everything went along peaceably enough, the negro sitting in his seat and interfering with no one. "Who is that black rascal?" asked the Southern member of the porter, after a time. "Who? Him?" asked the porter; "boss, dat's Joe Gans, the pugilist."

Innumerable anecdotes are told of Boswell and Johnson. One day Boswell asked Johnson if he thought it was justifiable for a man who had

he up and die too!" At this point, seeing an acquaintance across the aisle, she excused herself, while she swirled over to say a how-do-you-do to her. But presently back she came.

"Where was I at?" she enquired.

"You had just buried your second husband," said I, feeling condolences were out of order.

"Oh, yes! Such an expense as it has been. Why, she said, 'I do hope,' she continued, 'I may not have to bury him, for funerals, apart from the expense, are such atrocious things. Besides mourning is so unbecoming to me, and to have the name of having put away three husbands before I was thirty, wouldn't it be terrible? Well, here is my street. Good-bye. Be sure and visit me if ever you come to the Coast,' and as she disappeared, there came to my mind the large number of nice girls and women, who are not married, while this butterfly had husbands—if not to burn—at least to bury—a reverie broken by an old gentleman who had heard the conversation and the parting request, and who looked over his glasses to say, "Madame, take my advice, don't go; she'll bury you too. It's in her line."

GEORGINA SEEING.

ANECDOTAL

me I'm going to wipe up the car with him," declared the Georgian; "I won't have him around me." Everything went along peaceably enough, the negro sitting in his seat and interfering with no one. "Who is that black rascal?" asked the Southern member of the porter, after a time. "Who? Him?" asked the porter; "boss, dat's Joe Gans, the pugilist."

The Sergeant Disobeyed.

A young lieutenant of marines was drilling his company in the navy-yard the other day. After going through various evolutions they found themselves very near the edge of the channel, which runs through the yard. Nevertheless the order "company left" was given. As the order was executed the sergeant at the extreme right of the line discovered that to take the position prescribed would mean his walking off the string-piece into the channel. He, therefore, stepped back behind the man next to him in ranks, who occupied a precarious position at the edge of the pier.

Sergeant!" called the officer in command.

"Yes, sor," replied the sergeant.

"I gave the order 'company left'!" said the officer, with emphasis.

"Yes, sor," said the sergeant, "but I didn't hear the order 'swim,' sor."—New York "Sun."

All Recognized Her.

The four old captains of Salt Marsh, after carefully studying the attractions offered by the mind-reader who was to hold forth in the town hall, decided to attend the entertainment.

"We can go right from the post-office when mail's in," said Captain Gregg, most adventurous of the four, "and there doesn't seem to be any need to consult our women-folks, so far as I know. Most likely we sha'n't stay more'n a few minutes."

They were all agreed as to the advisability of this plan, and the next evening saw them seated in the last row, with interest written on their faces.

After a few preliminary exhibitions, which caused the scattered audience to gasp and wriggle, the mind-reader said, in a solemn tone:

"There is one person in this audience who has been thinking ever since he came in here of a person who is perhaps the strongest influence in his life—a small, determined-looking woman, with eyes that snap and—"

At this point the four old captains rose as if moved by a single spring and filed from the hall. When they reached the safety of the steps, Captain Gregg turned to the others and spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"Which one of us do you suppose he meant?"—"Youth's Companion."

Jimmy Fixed It.

A persevering youth had called several times at the home of a young lady, to be met each time with a "not at home." Upon one occasion he had seen her go in just before he reached the gate. His ring was answered by her small brother.

"Jimmy, I'd like to see your sister," the determined young man said.

"She ain't at home," Jimmy said, surveying him disdainfully.

"But I just saw her come in," the youth protested.

"Can't help that. Tell you what I'll do, though," Jimmy said, condescendingly. "You give me your pack of cigarettes, an' I'll send her down."

"You are to young to smoke, Jimmy."

"Do I get 'em?" Jimmy said, aggressively, half closing the door.

"Here they are!" was the conciliating reply, and the box was handed over. Leaving the visitor seated in the parlor, Jimmy disappeared, to return in a few minutes.

"She'll be down soon," he said.

"How did you work that, Jimmy?" the youth inquired.

The boy surveyed him with an amused grin.

"Aw, I told her it was the fellow she's engaged to," he said.—"Harper's Weekly."

An Honest Man—New School.

Cassius R. Peck, Assistant United States District Attorney of Oklahoma, at a banquet in Guthrie recently spoke on honesty. One thing he said was this:

"What are we coming to? Are we coming to such a pass that our ideas of an honest man will correspond with the idea of old Hiram Strode?" "Hiram Strode" for the seventh time, was about to fail. He called in an expert accountant to disentangle his books. The accountant, after two days' work, announced to Hiram that he would be able to pay his creditors four cents on the dollar.

"At this news the old man looked vexed."

"Heretofore," he said, frowning, "I have always paid ten cents on the dollar."

"A virtuous and benevolent expression spread over his face."

"And I will do so now," he resumed. "I will make up the difference out of my own pocket."—New York "Tribune."

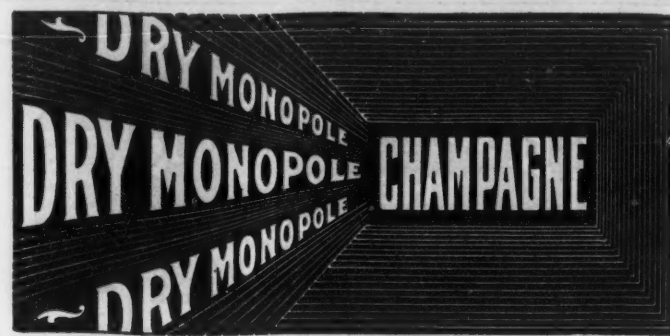
"The Book Shop."

New and Correct

This sufficiently describes our lines of family and social stationery. Everybody who values their social standing wants the combination of these two characteristics in their materials for correspondence. They are always to be found here.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.

7 and 9 King Street East,
Toronto.



Only Direct
All-Water Route
Between
**New York, Boston and
Charleston, S. C.
Jacksonville, Fla.**

St. Johns River Service between
Jacksonville, Palatka, De Land,
Sanford, Enterprise, Fla., and In-
termediate Landings

The "Clyde Line" is the favorite route be-
tween New York, Boston, Philadelphia,
and Eastern Points, and Charleston, S.
C., and Jacksonville, Fla., making direct
connection for all points South and Southwest

Fast Modern Steamships
and Superior Service

THEO. G. EGGER, G. M.
WM. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents
19 State Street, New York

CALIFORNIA VIA UNION PACIFIC

EVERY DAY to April 7, 1906.
Colonist rates to all principal
points in that state from

Chicago \$33.00

Short Route Fast Time
Smooth Roadbed

Tourist Sleeping Cars a Specialty

INQUIRE OF

J. O. GOODELL, T.P.A., & F. B. CHAPPEL, G.A.,
14 James Building. 11 Fort St.
TORONTO, CANADA. DETROIT, MICH.



This is style 340, for women—
dull kid top, vamp of polished
calf, roomy toe, new Cuban heel
and arch, rising and falling toe.
Sensible but Stylish.
GOODYEAR PROGRESS.

STYLE SAFETY

You who line in a Metropolis learn the latest shoe styles by visiting the few shops that are known to carry the newest ideas.

But you, outside the great style cities, how are you to know what is newest and correct?

You can't depend on the more style yellings and shoutings and bellowings of dealers and manufacturers. If you do the middle of the season may awaken you to the horrible fact that you're wearing "One Year Olds," "Two Year Olds" or even "Three Year Olds." There's but one way to know. Don't accept mere empty statements. Be from Missouri. Make them "show you." We'll "show you" why the newest and most fashionable ideas will always be found in Slater's.

First: New York leads London, Paris and all the world in shoe styles. Anyone who says otherwise don't know or don't say the truth. Slater styles are exact copies of the newest and smartest New York ideas. Compare Slater and American catalogues.

Second: Slater lasts are made by the same last makers who supply the cleverest American makers. Compare Slater and American shapes.

Third: Slater dealers invariably have nothing but fresh, new stock. There are never "Left Overs." Fifty years experience has taught us how to supply each dealer with just the quantity he can sell each season. Besides, all Slater retail shelves are semi-annually depopulated by the immense natural sale of Slater's and by the large Slater advertising campaigns. Moreover the Slater Shoe factory keeps no stock. All shoes are made to order.

Lastly but mostly, the reputation of the Slater Shoe is far more valuable than any Metropolitan shoe shop. Fifty years and hundreds of thousands of dollars have built it. It is now valued at \$500,000.00. Just one year of "one year old" styles would ruin it.

Any Slater Shoe store wherever located is just as style safe as any leading Metropolitan shop.

Everywhere in Canada at \$3.50 and \$4.00 for women and \$4.00 and \$5.00 for men—\$1.00 less than the best American makes and precisely the same shoe.

THE SLATER SHOE

for Men and Women
may be had in Toronto at the following
Slater Shoe Stores:

528 Queen Street 117 Yonge Street
J. Jupp & Son, 810 Queen Street East
Toronto Junction, Thomas Powell



MR. H. M. FLETCHER has met with gratifying success in training his chorus of inexperienced singers, known as The People's Choral Union. At their concert last Tuesday evening, in Massey Hall, they delighted an immense audience of three thousand five hundred people by their frank, straightforward singing in unaccompanied and accompanied numbers of different styles. Mr. Fletcher has succeeded in softening the crudity of tone which one hears so often from new choirs, and his vocalists render their music with commendable precision and with careful attention to their director's indications as to the nuances of power. Everything of course did not go off to Mr. Fletcher's satisfaction. The organ showed an independence of its own in regard to pitch, and the solo singer, Mme. Maconda, owing to a cold, it is said, was uncertain as to intonation, and showed an inclination to flatten. The choral numbers that proved most grateful were two folk songs, Welsh and Scotch, Gall's "Maiden With the Lips So Rosy," Pearsall's "O, Who Will O'er the Downs So Free," and Bell's "Skye Boat-song." The Pearsall number and the folk songs were deservedly encored. The accompanied numbers were Beethoven's "The Heavens are Declaring," Fanning's tuneless "Song of the Vikings," and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's patriotic cantata, "The Last Post," in which the services of two pianos, the organ and a solo cornet were enlisted. One would like to hear "The Last Post" on some future occasion. The undulations caused by the difference in pitch between the organ and the piano no doubt inconvenienced the chorus. Mr. Plant played the cornet obligato with fine tone and accurate execution. Allowing for the drawback mentioned, Mme. Maconda sang several solos most sweetly, and with much grace of style. As an encore number she gave, much to the satisfaction of the audience, "Coming Through the Rye." Mr. Page, a pupil of Mr. Fletcher, was the other soloist and revealed a good baritone voice. Mr. Fletcher is doing splendid educational work. He is not only training large masses of singers, but attracts audiences to his concerts that the other societies do not touch.

The amateur performances of "Pinafore" at the Princess Theater on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, in aid of the Argonauts' Henley fund, have elicited much praise for their pleasing character. It is satisfactory to note that the attendance was very large on both occasions. The women principals of the cast acquitted themselves with special honor. Mrs. Percival Dean, who has a mellow contralto voice, was very winning as little Buttercup, Miss Olive Clemes was attractive and effective as Josephine, Miss Margaret George as Hebe was quite happy in the impersonation, and Miss Violet Hunt as the Quakeress won general favor. Miss Margaret Crawford, soprano, sang very prettily in the ensembles and in the entr'acte music. As usual the men principals did not show so much adaptability and ease as the ladies. One may, however, mention Mr. H. E. Bisset for his humorous characterization of Sir Joseph Porter, and Captain Barker for his grotesque Deadeye. Making allowance for hesitancy of manner, Mr. A. T. Pike was pronounced a fine Captain Corcoran. The chorus was specially good, and had evidently been carefully rehearsed.

When Edna May was in Toronto she felt quite at home, you know. To a reporter on her return to old London she said: "When we were in Toronto for a week I felt as if I were back in London. Every body in the reserved seats wore evening dress and Sir Wilfrid Laurier occupied a box. In the United States evening dress is unusual at the theater."

The National Chorus and the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Walter Damrosch, will give two concerts in Massey Hall in January next. The great success of the concerts given this season fully justified the re-engagement of Mr. Damrosch's magnificent organization. The singing of the chorus under the conductorship of Dr. Albert Ham, made such a favorable impression that Mr. Damrosch proposed that a concert should be given in the United States, and in which both his orchestra and the National Chorus might join. The committee of the chorus and Dr. Ham have, however, decided to confine their efforts to Toronto alone.

A piano recital by pupils of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp was an event of unusual interest at the Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening of last week. All the performers acquitted themselves with distinction as the result of the careful training which they had received from their accomplished instructor. The programme was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in D minor, Robert J. Coughlan; Chopin, Valse, C sharp minor, Miss Alice Layburn; Henselt, "Si Oiseau d'été," and Leschetizky, Intermezzo in octaves, Miss Marion Bilton; Bach, Prelude and Fugue in D major, and Raff, "La Fileuse," Ernest D. Freure; Haydn, Theme and variations in A major, Miss Gertrude Pillow; Vogrich, Staccato Caprice, Miss Jeannette Killmaster; Leschetizky, "La Piccola," and Moszkowski, "La Jongleuse," Miss Edith J. Mason; Liszt, Rhapsody, No. 6, Miss Cornelia Heintzman. Vocal assistance was given by Miss Helen Carter, pupil of Mr. F. H. Butcher, and Miss L. Taylor, pupil of Dr. Ham.

Miss Lena Hayes will give a violin recital this (Saturday) evening in the

Conservatory of Music Hall, and will be assisted by Mr. Douglas Bertram, pianist; Frederic Nicolai, 'cellist, and Miss Jessie Perry, accompanist. A choice programme will be given.

A delightful and unique twilight concert was given last Saturday afternoon in the Conservatory of Music Hall by Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire. The feature of the programme was Liza Lehmann's musical idyll "Good Night, Babette," a setting of one of Austin Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain." The production, which was the first in Toronto, was under the direction of Mr. R. S. Pigott, who formerly gave it in New York, and to whom is due a refined and suggestive performance. Miss May Perry was most engaging as Babette, and revealed a very pretty, pure and fresh voice. Mr. Douglas A. Paterson played old Vieuxbois with care and character. The accompaniments were played by the Toronto Ladies' Trio with sympathetic appreciation. The work is distinguished by its appealing lyrical qualities, and its admirable musical dialogue. In the miscellaneous selections, Mr. Pigott recited two of Moore's "O'Neals," "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" with fine point and expression. He also contributed his own humorous sketch, "The Desert." Miss Jean Nesbitt showed accomplishment as a pianist in Chopin's Etude in E major and the Military Polonaise, and in the duo sonata with violin of Grieg in G minor (two movements). Mr. Frank Blachford rendered the violin part with dignity of expression and fine tone and technique. Mr. Morley Sherris sang the "Pagliacci" prologue with excellent oratorical declamation and with mellow voice.

Miss Cornelia Heintzman, a talented pupil of Mr. Tripp, will shortly give piano recitals at the Conservatory of Music, St. Margaret's College and the Gerhard Heintzman Hall.

Miss Valborg Martine Zollner, a young girl with charming personality and musical gifts which are rare, gave a piano recital in the Nordheimer Hall last Saturday afternoon, the 24th inst. It is a pity the hall was not larger, as many persons desirous of hearing her could not find accommodation. Miss Zollner, who, by the way, is a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, is of foreign birth, and won her audience through the sheer beauty and fine development of her playing generally. Her control of tonal contrasts, splendid pedaling and refined phrasing showed themselves readily in Schumann's Carnival, with which she opened the programme, many of the numbers which form this fanciful composition being performed most eloquently. In her other selections—some studies, a prelude and ballade by Chopin, Liszt's "Gnomesreigen," Moszkowski's "La Jongleuse," and Tarantelle, and two of Mr. Forsyth's compositions, "Marjorie—Valse Noble," and "By the Sea," she revealed splendid tone and execution, heightened fancy and clarity of expression.

When Handel began to write oratorios he at first intended to have them staged and acted like operas; but the Bishop of London forbade the production on the theatrical stage of works based on Bible stories. This prohibition has been in force ever since, to the great hampering of art; but a change seems to be impending, judging by the following remarks in the London "Telegraph" regarding the programme of a recent concert: "The chief work is Saint-Saens' first important contribution to grand opera and his chef-d'œuvre, 'Samson and Delilah,' which is debarré in this country from being represented on the stage. It is true that the characters are those who figure in old Bible history, but there are no more scenes which touch on religious matters than there are in Verdi's 'Aida,' for instance. In an age when historical tableaux from Bible history have been given on the stage, and a morality play like 'Everyman' given in a theater, it is possible that 'Samson and Delilah' may in the near future be given as an opera, without outraging a national sentiment which has a very proper and commendable basis."

Henry C. Lahee expresses the opinion in the "Musician" that a teacher who grumbles about the drudgery of teaching has mistaken his profession. There is drudgery in all professions, and teachers should not expect too much. "There is perhaps no profession," he says, "in which more frogs are trying to become oxen, or in which more teachers are expected to produce oxen from frogs. Hence, the teacher has many disappointments. And yet, when the frog comes to the teacher and makes known his desire to become an ox, the teacher at once sets to work without any hesitation. Should he complain if he does not succeed, or should he grumble about the drudgery of trying to make oxen out of frogs? No. If he succeeds in producing something a little better than a frog, he has added something to the value of his frog. The teacher must not expect a pint pot to hold a quart, and grumble because it cannot. Let him fill the pint pot, and feel that a pint pot full is better than a pint pot empty."

The English composer, Sir Hubert Parry, is noted for his kindness, as well as for his musical gifts. Some years ago, when engaged on a setting of "The Pied Piper," a student brought him a cantata as an example of his work. Sir Hubert found that it was a clever setting of the same poem, and, without saying anything, he en-

couraged the young composer to publish his composition, and kept his own in a pigeon-hole, deferring its completion indefinitely so as to leave the field quite clear for the younger musician.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth writes. On Sunday morning last I went over to St. Paul's Methodist Church on Avenue road, and heard the choir under the direction of the talented organist and choirmaster, Mr. Walter H. Coles, and, apart from listening to a most excellent sermon by Rev. Mr. Rankin, was much pleased with the freshness, elasticity and refined character of the singing. I believe it is well known that Mr. Coles is one of the best of Toronto's good organists, and that he has equally good ability as director and leader of his choir must also be conceded. In the Festal Te Deum, by Dudley Buck, which, by the way, is an exceedingly well written and effective composition, the choir sang admirably, with splendid intonation and fervor. The bass, however, seemed weak and to lack sonority. In an unaccompanied and interesting composition, by A. S. Vogt, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," the tone shading and finish generally—without, however, missing the expressive appeal which should always be revealed—was most praiseworthy and beautiful. Mrs. Kennedy, the leading soprano, has a fine voice, and sang "O, Divine Redeemer," by Gounod, I believe, in a style distinguished by a fine conception of her music, and a dignified simplicity which was very expressive. I may mention that Mr. Coles has his choir splendidly under his control, and his excellent taste in interpretation and in accompanying the singers, as well as leading the congregation in the hymns, in the spirit belonging to their character cannot help having a very widely diffused influence.

The combined choirs of St. Clement's and St. Matthew's Churches will sing St. John Stainer's "Crucifixion" on Thursday, April 5th, in St. Clement's Church, corner Brooklyn avenue and Queen street. Mr. J. Percy Milnes will conduct the choirs, and Mr. T. M. Sargent will preside at the organ.

A piano recital which may be described as a complete success was given at the Model School of Music on Thursday evening, 22nd inst., by Miss Marion Brandon, a pupil of Miss Maud McLean, her selections being "Hark! Hark! the Lark!"; Beethoven sonata, Op. 26; "Les deux Alouettes," by Leschetizky, "To a Wild Rose," by MacDowell, "The Rustle of Spring," by Sinding, and Reinhold's Improvisation in C sharp minor. Miss Brandon played entirely from memory, showing good technique and careful attention to expression. Miss Violet Dennis, violin pupil of Miss Marguerite Waste, gave William Ten Hare's Allegro Brilliant; Miss Waste, pupil of Mrs. Leonora James-Kennedy, sang Penn's "Carissima"; and Chopin's Funeral March, arranged for three violins, was well rendered by Miss Dennis and two other pupils in the violin department, Mr. Fred Singer and Mr. Armand Boissonneau.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones, manager for Miss George Turner, violinist of Montreal, a pupil of Marteau, and Miss Irene Weaver, elocutionist, of Toronto, a pupil of Owen A. Smyly, has met with great success in booking these two talented young ladies. He has closed engagements for them in over fifty towns and cities between Montreal and Halifax, some of the dates being in American territory. It being an initial tour for these artists, great credit is due Mr. Jones for his successful advance work.

The sacred cantata, "The Way of the Cross," by Ferris Tozer, will be sung at St. Simon's Church, Sundays the 1st and 8th of April, at the evening service. The solos will be taken by Mrs. Melvor Craig, soprano; Mr. J. E. Drew, tenor, and Mr. Harold Marriott, baritone. The choir of the church has been studying the cantata under the direction of Mr. J. W. Harrison for some time past, and an impressive rendering may be expected.

Sir John Stainer's "Crucifixion" was sung by the combined choirs of St. Matthew's and St. Clement's Anglican Churches on Thursday last, 22nd inst., in St. Matthew's Church, before a very large audience. The chorus did very satisfactory work, and in the number "Fling Wide the Gates," a splendid rendition was given, the soprano being particularly pleasing. In the unaccompanied number, "God So Loved the World," the chorus was very effective. The soloists were Mr. Allan C. Fairweather, a tenor with a pleasing voice, who did good work, especially in the duet with the bass soloist, Mr. Rhyned Jamieson, who has a voice which should yet place him in a prominent position in the musical world. It was quite refreshing to hear this soloist, his tone quality, clear enunciation and conscientious interpretation being worthy of warm praise. Mr. J. Percy Milnes conducted with much care and precision, and kept his chorus well in hand. Mr. T. M. Sargent, a talented pupil of Mr. Fairclough, officiated efficiently at the organ.

A Concert at Home was given in the First Church of Christ, Scientist, on Friday evening last, under the chairmanship of Major J. K. Leslie, the edifice being crowded to the doors. Those taking part in the excellent programme were Mrs. Allan Leadley, Miss Irene Glendenning, Mrs. Walter Pickard, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Fielding, Mr. Alex. Riley, Mr. Hartwell DeMill, and Mr. R. Ruthven McDonald.

Excited Customer—See here, you've made an awful mistake. I came in here to get some lime water this morning and you gave me carbolie acid.

Druggist—That'll be twenty-five cents more.—Cleveland "Leader."

Putterin' Round.
"Pretty old for work, I am!
Though I used to till my ground
In good shape as any one—
Now, I only putter 'round."

"Way I used to swing a scythe
Was a caution, tell you, though!
Down my acre any day—
But I'm gettin' old and slow."

"Still, I keep the burdocks out,
And the grapes up and trim;
And this great-grandson of mine—
Takes my time a-watchin' him."

"He's the cutest little chap,
Like his Grandpa, and his dad—
And that boy of mine I lost
When he was an eight-year's lad!"

"I make out to split the wood,
Like this—little at a time.
There's that baby, top the gate!
Beats all, how the feller'll climb!"

"Here, let's stay with Grandpa now;
Build a cob house on the ground."
"Keeps me pretty busy? Yes,
Guess it does, a-putterin' 'round!"
—Cora A. Matson Dolson, in "Watson's Magazine."

A Difficulty Solved.
One Sunday a Philadelphia young lady had her dearest friend, a Bryn Mawr girl, come to spend the day and evening. Incidentally quite a number of young men dropped in, and so charmed were they with the taking ways of the college maiden, and her naive manner of showing her entire superiority to the commonplace, material things of life, that nearly every man lingered to take tea.

The young girl of the house soon had the creamed oysters bubbling in the chafin-dish and the salad nicely dressed. Suddenly, practical hostess that she was, she whispered to her college friend:

"Oh, dear! Whatever am I to do? I do believe that there isn't enough bread for all these men!"
A languid interest shone in the dreamy eyes of the Bryn Mawr girl. "Oh, never mind the bread, dear," said she. "Let's have toast!"—"Lippincott's."

Blow On.
Blow, winds of March, both night and day
Without an intermission.
Proceed, then, with your rough-house play—
You have my full permission.
You'd do it, any way.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc.,
Musical Director.

Highest Artistic Standards.
Pupils registered at any time.
SEND FOR
ILLUSTRATED CALENDAR
School of Expression
F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph. B., Principal.
Special Calendar.

MR. RECHAB TANDY
Oratorio and Concert Tenor
Teacher Italian Method Voice Production and Expression in Singing. Address: The Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD
BARITONE
Teacher of Singing. Studio—Nordheimer's, Toronto.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E., Toronto.
Phone Main 4669

DR. ALBERT HAM
VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 561 Jarvis St.

TRIPP
THE GREAT CANADIAN PIANIST
Studio for lessons—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MR. & MRS. ALFRED JURY
Teachers of Singing
Tone placement and development of voice according to scientific principles, a specialty.
Studio—58 Alexander Street.

MRS. RYAN-BURKE
Teacher of Singing
Vocal Directress Loretto Abbey, Conservatory of Music.

LORA NEWMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSA
Pupils and concert engagements accepted.
Studio—436 Yonge St., or 278 Jarvis St.

DAVID ROSS
SINGING MASTER
Room 8, Nordheimer's. Phone Main 6037

MARIE C. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing
Studio—Gerhard Heintzman's, 97 Yonge Street.
Phone Main 1937.

M. R. SHERRIS
BARITONE
Address.—201 Beverley St. Phone Main 3644

FOUNDED 1888 INCORPORATED 1890
COLLEGE OF MUSIC
LIMITED
12-14 PEMBROKE ST.
IN AFFILIATION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
DR. F. H. TORRINGTON, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

THOROUGH Musical Education
Pupils may register at any time.
SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal
Send for Calendar and Syllabus.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
Soprano—Voice Culture
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby; Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto. Studio—Room U, Yonge St. Arcade.

MILDRED WALKER
SOPRANO
Pupil Emelio Agramonte.
Voice Culture. Concert engagements accepted.
Studios—Bell Fifth Waterrooms, 146 Yonge St. and 30 Louth Avenue, Toronto.

MR. A. F. REILLY
Teacher of Piano
Studio—Gerhard Heintzman, 97 Yonge Street.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER
Address—168 Carlton Street, or Conservatory of Music.

W. H. DINGLE
Teacher of Piano-Playing and Singing
Address—Metropolitan School of Music, or 22 Lansdowne Avenue.

DOUGLAS BERTRAM
PIANIST
Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence, 16 Macpherson East. Telephone N. 4050.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 329 St. George Street.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK
Vocal Teacher and Tenor Soloist
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East.

MR. H. M. FIELD
PIANIST AND PIANO PEDAGOGUE
School of Piano Playing
"Mr. Field may honorably claim a position among the leading pianists of the day."—Leipzig Signale. Studio—101 Gloucester St.

FRANK H. BURT Mus. Bac.
BASS-BARITONE
Concert, Oratorio and Church soloist, Teacher of Singing. Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 591 Bathurst Street.

MRS. J. LILLIE
Voice Culture and Artistic Singing by Modern Methods
Studio—N. E. Cor. Queen and Sherbourne.

G. D. ATKINSON
Teacher of Piano-Playing
Organist and Choirmaster Wesley Church, Studio—Room 24, No. 2 College St.; also St. Andrew's College. Organ studio—Conservatory of Music. Residence 550 Dovercourt Road.

ARTHUR V. LEITHEUSER
BARITONE
Concert, Oratorio. Recital.
Pupils accepted. Residence, 80 Wilton Ave. Toronto College of Music.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
SIMPSON HALL, 734 YONGE ST.
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 9:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Physical Diet—Constance W. Wreyford.
Medical Adviser—C. L. Starr, M.D. Special attention to Curative Gymnastics.

The Model School of Music LIMITED
193 BEVERLEY STREET, TORONTO
Established 1902. Incorporated 1905.
FRANK DENTON, K.C., D.C.L., A.D. WASTE, President, Secretary.

DEPARTMENTS:
Vocal Violin Piano Theory
Literature and Expression
Physical Culture
Pupils enter at any time. Detail information on application at the School or by Mail.

W. SPENCER JONES
Concert Direction
35 Walker Ave. Telephone North 4250
The highest class artists supplied for entertainments. Now looking for the Eastern Provinces, George Turner, Violinist; Irene Weaver, Entertainer.

A. S. VOGT
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT
SINGING MASTER
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANK C. SMITH
Teacher of Violin and Piano
Studio—Toronto College of Music, or Wilham, 143 Yonge St.

Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited
Canada's Greatest Music House
Everything in Sheet Music and Musical Instruments
Our collection of RARE OLD VIOLINS, CELLOS, etc., is the LARGEST and BEST ever imported into Canada. Inspection invited.
Instruments allowed on trial.
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

CANADIAN INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL TRAINING
Jas. W. Barton, M.D., Principal
Branches—1. Medical and Physical examination, with prescription of exercise. 2. Body Building. 3. Boxing and Fencing. 4. Teacher's Course. 5. Correspondence Course.
For terms, etc., apply to Jas. W. Barton, M.D., Hamilton Bank Building, 167½ Spadina Ave., Toronto.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio—146 Ossington Ave. Voice tested free. I can positively make you a Voice.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Organ, Piano, Theory
Theory lessons by correspondence. Pupils prepared for musical examinations. Address—1 North Sherbourne St., or Toronto College of Music.

A. T. CRINGAN, Mus. Bac.
Teacher of Vocal Culture and the Art of Singing. Careful attention given to tone placing and development. Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence—53 Church St. Toronto.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Harp-Guitar-Mandolin & Banjo.
Concert Soloist & Teacher.
Conductor Toronto College of Music, Mandolin, Guitar & Banjo Club, 40 instrumentalists.
Studio—Day, No. 10 Northcote Ave. Evenings, Toronto College of Music, 12 Pembroke St.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
Teacher of Piano
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Westminster College, Upper Canada College and Branksome Hall. Address—495 Spadina Ave.

FRANCIS COOMBS
Teacher of Singing
Metropolitan School of Music, and 157 Howland Ave.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Concert Pianist and Teacher
Studio at Nordheimer's, Toronto College of Music. Residence—32 Madison Ave. Tel. N. 391.

CHRYSTAL BROWN
Oratorio and Concert Tenor
Sole, Central Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa. New booking engagements in Canada. Address—Erie, Pa.

W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
Pianist and Teacher of the Higher Art of Piano-Playing, Etc.
Private Studio—Nordheimer's, Toronto.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Sim's Church.
Principal Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano & Organ or Tenor at Conservatory of Music, Bathurst Street, and at Bra's Home Hall, 21 Dunbar Rd., S. Adelaide.

MR. ARTHUR BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne Street Methodist Church
Address—For Recitals, Concerts, etc., 101 Bloor Street West, or Nordheimer's.

MR. WM. G. ARMSTRONG
VOCAL CULTURE
TONE EMISISON
Voice Building, Styl., Repertoire, Finish.
Residence—228 Jarvis St.
St. 10 Gerhard Heintzman.

MRS. W. J. OBERNIER
Voice Culture, Style, Repertoire
Concert, Church, Oratorio, Opera.
Studio—Metropolitan School of Music, 1494 Queen St. W. Residence—79½ Broadview Ave.

MISS H. ETHEL SHEPHERD
Soprano—Concert and Oratorio
VOICE INSTRUCTION
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Address—67 Metcalfe St. Phone North 4249.

ARTHUR UVEDALE
CONCERT TENOR
Teacher of the Art of Singing. Specialty—Voice Building and Tone Production. Voices tested free. For terms and other information address 22 Carlton St. Phone North 981.

IRENE M. SHEAHAN, B.I.
Reader and Impersonator
(Late of Philadelphia)
Concert engagements accepted. Drawing Rooms, a specialty. Communications—693 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

MISSSES STERNBERG
Physical Culture Dancing Fencing
Simpson Hall, 734 Yonge St. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday Evenings.

DR. J. PERSE-SMITH
TEACHER OF SINGING
Toronto Conservatory of Music
Special preparation for Opera, Oratorio and Concert. Terms, etc., Conservatory of Music.

W. F. PICKARD
Teacher of Piano and Organ Playing.
MABEL MANLEY PICKARD
Concert Soprano.
239 Huron Street. Phone North 5564.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portrait Painter. Studio—24 King St. W.

W. A. SHERWOOD
Portrait Painter—25 Queen St. E. over Bank of Montreal

Eaton's Wash Fabrics



AN INVITATION to you to come and see Canada's premier gathering of the New Season's richest showings in Wash Fabrics.

This year we have a new Wash Goods Section—a larger place; more light; more room to show the many new things; space enough for you to stay as long as you wish to and see and admire.

And we've a broader variety to show you too, a grander aggregation, a wealth of new designs heretofore unknown to even this emporium; and if you've any difficulty at all it will be in deciding which of the charming patterns you'll choose.

So many new things to tell you about that we just give a touch to a few. Come and see—now. Buy when you're ready.

Silk Tissue, in dainty sheer idea, zephyr weight, similarity to silk crepe de Chine its principal characteristic; beautiful floral colored effects. Yard 35c

Coin Spot Voiles, handsome silk overcheck effects; superb variety of pretty colorings; attractive shirtwaist or fancy dress materials. Yard. 50c

The largest and best assorted variety of Dotted Swiss Embroidered Muslins ever imported to this country; dainty, delicate color effects, in checks, overchecks, stripes, floral and cross-bars; rainbow shaded tints, relieved by pretty embroidered Swiss dots. Without rivals in value. Per yard 18c

Fancy Linen Batistes, another handsome fabric in pompadour Swiss Raye effects; stylish dress fabrics. Yard. 25c

The new Fuji Yama and Net-suki Suiting, chic kimono novelty, in pretty Japanese colored effects; most popular now in New York. Per yard 25c

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO



Plain Tips
15c. Per Box

CARLING'S
ALE, PORTER
AND LAGER
NOTED FOR
PURITY BRILLIANCY AND UNIFORMITY.



SOCIETY at the CAPITAL

THE many attractive visitors in town still continue to be the recipients of a great deal of entertainment from the Capital's many hostesses, and while no single function has been marked for its elaborateness of detail, yet each and all have been of the most congenial and enjoyable nature.

Two bridge parties and two teas began the gayeties of the week on Monday afternoon, one of the former being given by Mrs. W. G. Perley, when five tables of guests enjoyed a very interesting game, and later in the afternoon the party was added to by the arrival of several more guests, who came in to join the players in a cup of tea. Mrs. Soutter made a charming hostess at the second bridge party, which had for its special guests Mrs. R. F. Sutherland, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and her visitor and niece, Miss Gray of Kalamazoo, Mich. Miss Taylor of Toronto, who is making a short stay with Mrs. Beaumont Anderson, carried off the first prize.

Miss Eileen Hingston of Montreal, who has been a much-feted visitor in Ottawa for the past three weeks, was the honored guest at Madame Lamoth's tea on Monday, and, although the afternoon was a very stormy and disagreeable one, all the young people found their way to Sandy Hill to have a last chat with this popular young lady, who left for Montreal on the following day. Lady Ritchie's tea on Monday, although a small one, was a particularly bright and enjoyable gathering, her niece, Miss Madge Robertson of St. John, N.B., being the "cause d'être," and the guests numbering about twenty.

Tuesday was, for the younger set, a day of bridge, and on the afternoon of that day Miss Lillian Dainty entertained a large number in this very popular manner, when among the party were: Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Alix Beaulieu, Miss Chipman of Winnipeg, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Lola Powell, Miss Chadwick and her guest, Miss de Lery Macdonald of Montreal, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Annie McDougall, Miss Kathleen Kirchhoff and her visitor, Miss Gillette of New York, Mrs. Norman Guthrie and her sister, Miss Constance Smith of St. John, N.B., Miss Fielding and her guest, Miss Vassie of St. John, N.B., Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mrs. David Gilmour, Miss Vera Toller and her visitor, Miss Hilda Reid of Toronto. Those of the smart set who were not at Mrs. Dainty's on Tuesday afternoon were, for the greater part, to be found at Mrs. M. P. Davis', where another bridge party was in progress, her guests being principally married ladies, Madame Brodeur carrying off the first prize. Additional guests dropped in at the tea-hour, when Mrs. D'Arcy Scott and Miss Agnes Davis poured tea at a table bright with hosts of carnations. In the evening a very merry party of young bridge-players met at Mrs. W. S. Fielding's and enjoyed an hour or two devoted to a game, not too scientific to be lively, when Miss Bee Lindsay came off victorious. Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Lady Cartwright and several others chose bridge as a bright entertainment for their respective guests on Wednesday afternoon and evening.

An interesting event of the early part of the week was the opening of the new studio of the Ottawa branch of the Woman's Art Association, which brought several welcome guests from Montreal in connection with it, some of whom were: Mrs. W. H. Biggar, who was with Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar in King street, Lady Tait, Miss Kerry, Mrs. Donald, Miss Woods, Mrs. Chaffee, Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Penkallow, Mrs. Dinham Molson and Miss Phillips. A large display of home-spun of all shades, and a beautiful range of Parisian, Galician and Russian laces and Doukhobor embroideries were among the exhibits, and the sales of these were quite extensive. Mrs. Hanbury Williams received the many visitors who came and went, and Mrs. W. J. Anderson presided over the tea-table. A great many of the Capital's elite, as well as numerous out-of-town guests were among the large throng, and all expressed great admiration of the very pleasing exhibition of work.

As usual many very dainty little luncheons claimed a place on the list of the week's bright events. Mrs. Irwin was the hostess at one of these pleasant little affairs on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Sam Greenfield of Montreal, who arrived in town in the forepart of the week, and spent a few days with Mrs. Duncan Macpherson. Later in the afternoon the "lunchers" were joined by several more ladies, and a chat over a cup of tea added to the pleasures of the day.

Mrs. R. L. Borden entertained a number of the sessional visitors on Thursday at a very prettily arranged luncheon, when roses and lilies made most exquisite decorations, her guests including Mrs. R. F. Sutherland, Mrs. Schaffner, Mrs. Ganong of St. Thomas, N.B., Madame Montplaisir, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. T. Ahearn, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Tilton and Mrs. J. F. Gorman.

Lady Tait of Montreal was the guest d'honneur of Mrs. Sedgewick's delightful luncheon on Friday, when her guests included the easy number of eight, the others being Mrs. O'Halloran, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. McKee of Halifax, Madame Horace Bergeron of Montreal, Mrs. Wilson of St. Thomas, and Mrs. W. E. Hodgins. Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber gave one of the smartest luncheons of the week, the invited guests being Lady Laurier, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mrs. Thomas

of Buffalo, Mrs. J. K. Kerr of Toronto, Mrs. Kirchhoff, Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Mrs. Gormully, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Kilham of Winnipeg, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. J. G. Foster and Mrs. James Fletcher.

Miss Howells of Winnipeg, who arrived in town recently to pay Miss Helen Coutlee a visit of some weeks, has been the honored guest of several enjoyable affairs of late, one of which was a luncheon on Thursday, at which Mrs. Roberts Allan was the hostess. The table, around which twelve of the Capital's brightest young girls sat down, was most tastefully arranged with carnations, a huge bunch making a gorgeous centerpiece. Miss Coutlee invited all the young girls to meet Miss Howells at the tea-hour on Friday, Miss Anna Drury of Halifax sharing with her the honor of being the "raison d'être" of the party, as well as being one of Miss Coutlee's assistants in combining her efforts with those of Mrs. Charles Coutlee and Mrs. Fred Birkett in attending to the wants of the many guests.

Another delightful tea on Friday was Mrs. Henry Macleod's, given specially for Miss Bee Sprague of Toronto; and yet another, also in honor of a fair Torontonian, Miss Frances Heron, was given by the Misses Pennington Macpherson of Cliff street, Miss Malloch and Miss Kittson assisting the hostess by pouring the tea. Miss Heron is spending a short time with Mrs. L. K. Jones, and has many friends and admirers in the Capital, it having been the home of her childhood days.

Two large sessional receptions came off in the latter part of the week, at the first of which Mrs. William Paterson, wife of the Minister of Customs, made a most untiring and attentive hostess, in her apartments at the Russell, and was assisted by Miss Annie Paterson and her guest, Miss Cockshutt of Brantford. Mrs. Paterson wore a very pretty gown of white mousseline de soie, with trimmings of black applique; Miss Paterson's gown was of pale blue crepe de Chine, and Miss Cockshutt was also in blue, with touches of black. Mrs. Coffey of London and Mrs. Wilson poured tea, and had for their able assistants Miss Macoun and Miss McGregor.

Mrs. Frank Oliver, wife of the Minister of the Interior, gave the second sessional At Home, which was an exceedingly enjoyable one, on Friday, when no pains had been spared in effectively decorating the handsome rooms, myriads of pink and white tulips being made use of in the drawing-rooms, gorgeous American Beauties in the halls, and an immense bowl of exquisite pale pink tulips on the center of the tea-table. Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mrs. William Paterson, Miss Mollie Cartwright and Miss Fielding, with the two pretty daughters of the household, lent a helping hand in providing the large number of guests with tea, coffee and dainty edibles.

Probably the last of the skating for the season, out-of-doors at any rate, was enjoyed on Saturday afternoon, when Lady Grey invited all the skating enthusiasts to join in the sport on the rink at Government House, and a very merry afternoon's exercise was the result.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 26, 1906.

On the Proposed Law to Abolish Treating.

When friends from far meet in a bar,
By some instinct primordial,
The feeling first of men in thirst,
They make their greeting cordial.

Some people cry: "They buy and buy
In liberal mood competing,
More than enough of fiery stuff;
And hence the curse of treating."

This curse doth make a drinker take,
When just one drink would do,
One here, one there, one anywhere,
Until he's 'had a few.'

Thus groups of friends do make no ends
Of drinks as well as drunks.
His duty stern to buy in turn,
No gentleman e'er flunks."

So they propose by ayes and noes
To check and curb the palate,
As if free booze men would refuse
By legislative ballot.

If they should kill this vice at will,
By such like legal feats,
It still would live, for they would give
The greatest treat of treats.

A Good Forgetter.

"John," asked the teacher, "how much is seven times nine?"
"I don't remember."
"Who discovered America?"
"I did know, but I forgot."
"What is an isthmus?"
"I don't remember."
"You don't remember! Take your seat, sir. You'll never amount to anything in this world."

But he did. He is now drawing \$75,000 per year as chief forgetter for a large corporation.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

To Aid the Judges.

A solicitor in a provincial town, who openly prided himself on his knowledge of the law, was one day proceeding to the local court with several ponderous law books under his arm, when he met a friend.

"Why, P—," exclaimed the latter, pointing to the books, "I thought you carried all that stuff in your head."
"I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."—Exchange.

SUCHARD'S COCOA

(Pronounced SU-SHAR)

Bring the Water to a Boil

—add just ½ as much SUCHARD'S as the usual quantity of other cocoas—and your breakfast cocoa is ready for the table. Then add milk and sugar to each cup, as you do to tea and coffee.

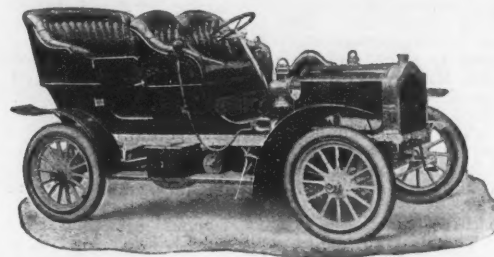
For invalids, and especially convalescents, SUCHARD'S COCOA is the ideal food—sustaining, invigorating and readily assimilated by the weakest system.

The flavor wins your favor. Insist on having Suchard's.

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO. SOLE AGENTS MONTREAL



RUSSELL



Model B-16 H.P. Touring
Car—\$1,500.

Handsome Side Entrance Tonneau.
Long Wheelbase.

"A Car to be Proud Of"

This is the remark made by hundreds of people when they look over this beautiful model. If you have not seen it look for it at the TORONTO AUTOMOBILE SHOW, and arrange for a demonstration. The car will do the rest.

We defy competition by any car in its class as to mechanical construction, beauty of design, or perfection in finish.

MODEL C 4 CYLINDER 24 HORSE POWER TOURING CAR.

Roomy body; long wheel base, ample power, quiet and simple in operation.

THE FINEST CAR CANADA HAS
YET PRODUCED

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited

WORKS, TORONTO JUNCTION

Local Agents—DOMINION AUTOMOBILE CO., LIMITED

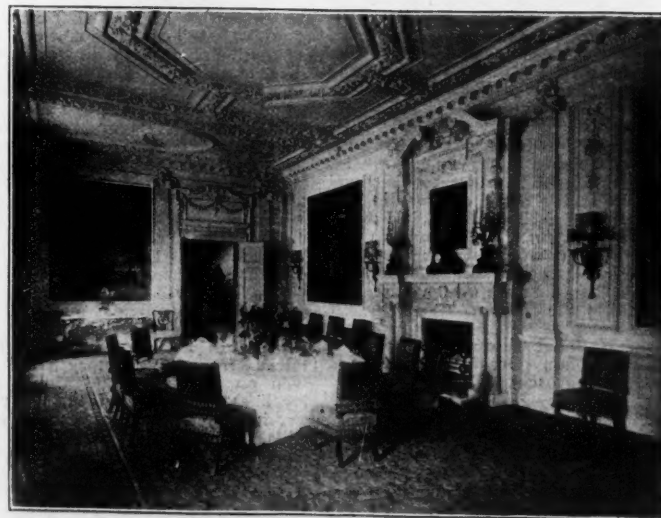
"AUTOMOBILE CORNER."

W. & E.
Thornton-Smith
& CO.

INTERIOR DECORATORS

11 King Street West

Toronto



A GEORGIAN TREATMENT OF A DINING-ROOM
A Drawing-Room in the Premises of this Firm
Similarly Treated

Every facility for decorative work carried out by a skilled staff of workmen, under the personal supervision of the heads of the firm.

A large and carefully selected stock of furniture, both antique and modern reproductions, Fabrics, Electric Light Fixtures, Floor Coverings, Tapestries, Bowe's Well Fires.

Special facilities for the treatment of Banks, Churches and Public Buildings.

TENDERS SUBMITTED FOR PAINTING

1906
Lingerie Walets

MISS FRANKLIN

11 1-2 Richmond St. W.
Phone Main 175. Toronto.

EASTER
DISPLAY

Some of the smartest French and New York Hats, also some of our new designs which are especially attractive, now on view.

The Louvre

109 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Spring Time —IS— Plan Time

EVERY Spring people grow more convinced that their homes should be brought into the category of the artistic. So much room for improvement in Toronto homes and such beautiful things to make improvements with in the stock of the Arts & Crafts, should be brought together in a blend of interior perfection. Ideas, plans and sketches are willingly laid before prospective customers. Many ideas that do not entail great expense are ready to hand for those who wish to employ them.

Visitors are always welcome at the Studios.

The
United Arts & Crafts
LIMITED
Studios—91-93 King St. West



SEEDS THAT GROW

When you get ready for Spring planting what will you do—buy Seeds you know all about, or try to see how cheap you can get them? You run no risk at all in getting

STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

and if by any chance you pay less for other kinds you can be sure you get less. We've been a life-time studying Canadian needs and supplying Canadian wants, and our business hasn't grown and kept on growing without good reason. Our Seeds are sold by leading merchants everywhere (5c. per package). You get your money's worth every time.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co.
TORONTO, HAMILTON LIMITED
AND WINNIPEG

COBALT.

The Rich Silver District Recently Discovered in New Ontario.

The eyes of the world are now turned towards Ontario, where the newest silver discoveries are creating the maddest excitement in the whole history of North America.

Cobalt is the center of a greater mining boom than was Dawson City in its palmiest days. Instead of the hard trails and strenuous efforts that were necessary to reach the Klondyke, the way to Cobalt is easy and can

be reached direct in a Pullman sleeping car. The Grand Trunk Railway System will carry you there with all the comforts of modern travel.

A postal card to the following address will bring you a comprehensive and complete illustrated description of the new Eldorado with maps and all information. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

My step-ma and step-sisters go With my step-brothers everywhere, And while they journey to and fro They oft occasion quite a stair.



LILLIAN MATTICE AND MAGDA DAHL
As Prince Eagle and Miss Nightingale in "Woodland," at the Princess
next week.

Autos and the Motor Show

YEARS ago, when the automobile was a fad and a quixotic experiment by rich men craving excitement, it would have been quite proper to speak of the "opening of the automobile season." Now the motor-car knows no season, but all seasons. At first a rare exotic, it has been transplanted in this country with great success, and is now a hardy annual, an evergreen to which the snows of December and January are as immaterial as the dust of July or August. All winter long, amid snow and rain, the screech and roar and clatter of motor-cars have been heard on our streets and the introduction of the overhead hood and plate-glass vestibule has made winter traveling comfortable and almost luxurious. Accordingly motorists would rise in indignant protest if one were to say that the automobile season is now "opening."

This season, however, if it does not mark the beginning of traffic is at any rate the gala period for the automobile business. Few automobilists, however hardened, and few neophytes, however consumed with the motor fever, make their purchases in the fall or winter. It is the spring market which gladdens the heart of the automobile manufacturer and depletes the showrooms of their choicest exhibits. Cars which have stood for months on exhibition in all the grandeur of resplendent tonneau, immaculate brasses and unpunctured tires, will now be exposed to the mud and stones of rural roads and the vindictive pursuit of country constables.

The automobile dealers in the city report a brisk trade. Those who have agencies for foreign companies are busy night and day, plying their seductive art to prospective purchasers and enlarging on the merits of American and French cars. The factory of the Canada Cycle and Motor Company all winter long has been turning out the Russell, Canadian-manufactured cars, in brisk competition with American and European rivals. Many of our leading citizens have already purchased some of the best large-power, high-speed, modern touring cars, either of home manufacture or such as the Great Pierce-Arrow Royal Tourist and Stoddard-Drayton, and there is every indication that the next few months will see great additions to the number of motor conveyances on our city streets. The electric runabout has already found favor with physicians, many business firms are replacing the lorry and dray by the motor-truck, the motor-cycle threatens to become more popular than the bicycle and the touring car is a heaven-sent boon to business men to wait them from their office drudgery to the quiet of the rural districts.

The use of the automobile is also spreading to the country, and with it the inevitable automobile club. Two of the leading citizens of Owen Sound purchased Oldsmobiles on a recent visit to this city, and it is quite certain that others of our northern towns, before the summer is over, will be invaded by the mournful cry of the automobile horn, and, if what auto-phobias say be true, terrorized by stampeding farmers' horses. It is strange that motorists purchase cars of sixty-mile-an-hour speed when the niggardly parsimonious law grudgingly allows only twelve. It can only be on the principle of Holmes' philosophy, to have a little more than they can spend, a little surplus for a rainy night, when they are one hundred miles from home. It is to be hoped, however, that the Legislature will, in the near future, recognize the automobilist's rights in more generous spirit than they have in time past. The large amount of money invested yearly in automobiles compels such recognition on economic grounds if none other. The automobile has come to stay. It is the modern Aladdin's lamp that annihilates time and distance; and it would be the greatest folly for legislators to discountenance such a labor-saving invention.

The Automobile and Motor-Boat Show, which opens to-day (Saturday) in the Granite Rink, should give a great impetus to the motor trade and should go far towards popularizing the automobile in this country. The exhibits will represent a value of several hundred thousand dollars. Although only new 1906 makes, and only one model of each kind, will be shown, the exhibition will cover all the available floor space. All the leading Canadian and American manufacturers will be represented, and cars are being sent even from European factories. Some of the fine exhibits shown at the great New York and Chicago Shows this winter will also be here. Of course, the vehicular exhibits will be more numerous, but there will also be a fine display in the marine department.

There have been three exhibitions of this kind in the States this year: at Madison Square Garden, at Chicago, and last week in the Mechanics' Pavilion at Boston. These shows proved immensely popular, and were of the highest educational value, both to the spectators and to the inventors. It cannot be expected that the Motor Show in Toronto will be equal to these, in the matter of decoration and spectacular effects, but it should prove equally as educational and beneficial to a great industry which is well worthy of public patronage.

Sousa's Band at Pure Food Show.

Choice programmes have been prepared for the afternoon and evening performances of Sousa's Band to-day at Massey Hall. As this will be the only opportunity this season for enjoying this great treat, seats should be secured at once. The price of reserved seats, including admission to the Pure Food Show, for the afternoon is thirty-five cents, and for the evening fifty cents. The plan is open at Massey Hall.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.



MR. AND MRS. M. S. KELLOW
Who celebrated their golden wedding March 29.

A pleasing and unusual event took place at 48 Howland avenue, Toronto, on March 29th, the occasion being the "golden wedding" of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Kellow, who have resided there for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Kellow were both born in Cornwall, England, and were married in the village of Helston fifty years ago. They left for Canada on the same day, and after a voyage lasting over six weeks, they arrived in Quebec. They pushed on, however, through Toronto, Callington and Owen Sound, and after reaching the County of Bruce, they proceeded to make a home for themselves in the wilderness, where the village of Tara now stands. Here they resided some forty years, being closely identified with the various interests of the village, and only leaving it after their children had taken up their residence elsewhere. The

family, consisting of Dr. W. J. Kellow of Watertown, N.Y., Josiah Kellow, engineer, of St. Paul, Minn., and two daughters, Mrs. T. Holmes and Mrs. J. R. Dunn of Toronto, as well as a number of grandchildren, were present on the happy occasion, it being the first time in twenty-six years that the family were at home at one time. Dinner was served in the dining-room, which was decorated with flowers and smilax for the occasion, the center of the table being crowned with a wedding cake which brought back memories of fifty years ago and helped to recall their former wedding and departure for Canada. A number of old friends were present, among whom were: Mr. Isaac Shannon and Mr. W. A. Gerolamy of Tara, Mr. and Mrs. James of Owen Sound, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Williams of St. Thomas, Miss Nickle of Lon-

don, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Mrs. W. Apps, Mr. and Mrs. Force and others from Toronto, and all joined in wishing the happy couple long life and a continuation of happiness to the end.

Next Week at Shea's.

For the headline act at Shea's Yonge Street Theater next week, Manager Shea is giving his patrons "The Broomstick Witches," from the "Isle of Spice." This act is headed by Miss Delight Barsch, the dainty little singing comedienne who was seen in the "Isle of Spice," and also with Mme. Schumann Heink. The act is splendidly costumed and twelve pretty girls are used in its presentation. They all sing and dance well, and elaborate changes of scenery make the act one of the most pleasing in vaudeville. An act that is sure to prove a sensation next week is Salerno. The Empire City Quartette will also be a great addition to the bill for the week. Julia Kingsley and Nelson Lewis appear in a very laughable domestic comedy sketch. O'Brien and Buckley, the International Comiques, are always welcome with their cyclone of fun, and Bob and George Quigley have some new and original conversational comedy. The Three Original Madcaps have returned to vaudeville, and are presenting their novel acrobatic dancing act. The bill will close with a full line of new pictures in the kinetograph.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

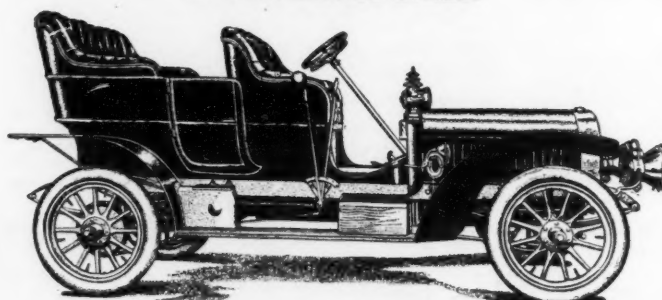


Imparts a sensation so exquisite and lasting. It cleans the teeth and gives tone to the mouth. Ask your dentist.

The Automobile & Supply Co., Limited

24 TEMPERANCE STREET

SEE OUR
EXHIBIT



AUTO
SHOW
GRANITE
RINK

RAMBLER—Model 14.

AGENTS IN CANADA FOR

Rambler	Royal Tourist	Stoddard-Dayton	Oldsmobile
Pierce-Arrow	Marion	Star	Columbia

The Automobile & Supply Co., Limited

24 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO



THE **Champagne**
Of the Twentieth Century.

MOËT & CHANDON
WHITE SEAL

OF THE

Marvellously Grand Vintage

OF THE YEAR

1900

Superior in Quality, Dryness, and Bouquet to any Champagne
Produced since the Great Vintage of 1884.

FOR SALE BY LEADING WINE MERCHANTS

JOHN HOPE & CO., Montreal, Agents for Canada.



Gerhard Heintzman
Art Pianos
Levis
X Case

THE ARTISTIC PIANO OF CANADA IS THE
"GERHARD HEINTZMAN"
New Catalogue mailed free on application.
GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited
97 Yonge Street, Toronto 127 King St. East, Hamilton

Steamer Trunks

When you buy from us you have the choice of fifteen qualities with four sizes in each quality.
Prices 4.00 to 29.00



Catalogue "S" of our Traveling and Leather Goods mailed free. Express paid in Ontario.

Julian Sale
LEATHER GOODS CO. LIMITED
105 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

SHEA'S THEATRE

WEEK APR 2
Matinee Daily 2:30 Evenings 8 & 10

The Dainty Delight Barch and THE BROOMSTICK WITCHES From "The Isle of Spice."

QUIGLEY BROS., Conversational Comedians. O'BRIEN AND BUCKLEY, In "A Cyclone of Fun."

EMPIRE CITY QUARTETTE The Best Comedy Singing Act. JULIA KINGSLEY and NELSON LEWIS, Presenting a Clever Comedy Sketch.

THE THREE MADCAPS, In Their Original Novelty. THE KINETOGRAPH, All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction, SALERNO

The World's Greatest Juggler.

When you or your friends

NEED A HOSPITAL

remember that

PINEHURST

PRIVATE HOSPITAL



is new, delightfully located, overlooking the Don Valley and Riverdale Park, is splendidly equipped, has an excellent operating room, and employs only graduate nurses. Come and inspect. Corner Broadview and Langley Aves. Toronto.
MRS. G. R. HAMILTON.

PRINCESS

ONE WEEK Starting Monday Night

Mat. Wed. & Sat.

"There's a Bird and a Bottle in It."

Henry W. Savage Offers

His Superb Production of Pixley and

Luders' Quaint Concoit of Bird Fairy-

land.

WOODLAND

The Quintessence of all Musical Plays

With Harry Bulger

AS KING BLUE JAY.

The Cast Par Excellence: Walter

Lawrence, Helen Hale, Sherman

Wade, Magda Dahl, Louis Casavant,

Lillian Mattice, Charles W. Meyer,

Greta Risley, Gardner Bullard, Ida

Mulle, John Donohue, Bertyne Mortimer.

Company of Seventy-Five. Beauty,

Singing and Dancing Chorus. Twenty

Song Hits.

Mild Winter's Effect on Trade.

The dry goods men and furriers

have suffered some loss in trade

owing to the mild winter, but according

to all reports the sporting goods men,

who might be expected to be even in

a worse position, are well satisfied

with weather conditions. While such

implements of winter sports as snow-

shoes, skates and toboggans did not

sell freely, except in the beginning of

the season, to those who bought be-

forehand, the sales of bicycles have

more than made up this loss. The

manager of a Bay street store declares

that February was a June month as

far as bicycle sales were concerned.

The largest Canadian manufacturers

of bicycles say that winter orders

have been unusually heavy. This sea-

son's bicycle is an improvement that

is evidently winning on its own

merits.

In the show windows of Elliott &

Son, 79 King street west, are displayed

at present, sketches for the decoration

of the new Clifton Hotel, Niagara

Falls. This hotel, which Elliott &

Son are decorating throughout, will

be opened in the early summer, under

the management of Mr. George R.

Major of the Chateau Frontenac at

Quebec. The appointments through-

out are of the very highest class, and

it will no doubt be largely patronized

by Toronto people.

His Ears Frozen.

One frosty morning a Gornal man called to his son to go and harness the donkey. It so happened that night, the door being left open, a young bullock had strayed into the stable and driven the donkey out. Johnnie, in his hurry, took no matches with him to provide a light, and could not see the difference. Being a long time away, his father came after him to see what he was doing, saying: "Johnnie, what are you doing?" Johnnie replied: "I can't get the collar over his head. His ears be froze."—Birmingham "Post."

A Slave to Habit.

Pat is sexton of a Buffalo church, and, before holding his present position, he was a street car conductor. His sallies of wit are discussed and keenly enjoyed by the congregation. Pat presented the collection box to a "pillar of the church" one evening and in fishing out some change from his vest pocket, where he had slipped it for convenience, the man brought to light two cigars. Pat leaned over him and in the most solemn of tones said, "Smokin' in the three rear seats only."—"Express."

One on the Conductor.

An Irishman boarded a street-car and handed the conductor a rather dilapidated-looking coin in payment of his fare. The conductor looked at the coin critically and handed it back. "That's tin," he said. "Sure, I thought it was a foive," answered the Irishman complacently, as he put the piece back in his pocket and produced a nickel.—Exchange.

Ault!

A young man from Sault Ste. Marie Set out to "dault" Ste. Louie. When the levee he struck. And lost money and luck. They picked him up tault fte to sie. —Zane Thompson in Chicago "Record-Herald."

Too Far Away.

There is a sign nailed against a Deadwood third-parlor so that he who runs may read that it is "five miles to the next saloon." A short time ago the colored porter of a rival sample-room down the street borrowed a beer-pump from his competitor with the misleading sign, but did not return it according to agreement. Becoming impatient one morning, and seeing the colored porter standing in the doorway of his saloon, the owner of the loaned article yelled in a loud voice: "Why in thunder don't you return that beer-pump?"

After a little hesitation the porter replied: "If you're talking to me I can't hear you because you are five miles away."—Exchange.

The Innocent Sex.

If anything the average woman's mind is far less refined than man's. In fact, the unsophisticated, the innocent, the blushing person of nature is man.—"Lady's Realm."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

BROOKS—Toronto, March 27, Mrs.

W. Brooks, a son.

KELK—Toronto, March 27, Mrs. G.

H. Kelk, a daughter.

Marriages.

ARROW—JONES-HENRY—Toron-

to, March 26, Lillian Frances Jones-

Henry to Frederick Arrow.

MIDDLETON—SPINK—Buffalo,

February 17, Ruby Irene Spink to

Herbert Heber Middleton.

PENNINGTON—ANDERSON—To-

ronto, March 27, Iva Anderson to

William Gerald Pennington.

Deaths.

CRANE—Toronto, March 26, James

Crane, aged 67 years.

FAIRCLOTH—Toronto, March 26,

George W. A. Faircloth.

HUSTON—Toronto, March 26, Mrs.

T. A. Huston, aged 28 years.

JAFFRAY—Toronto, March 27, Mrs.

Robert Jaffray.

Established 1869.

DANIEL STONE

The Leading Undertaker

Phone M. 931. 385 Yonge St.

THE STANDARD CIGAR BRANDS OF HAVANA

MADE BY

The Independent Cigar Manufacturers

OF HAVANA, CUBA

Punch
High Life
Jose Otero
H. Upmann

Por Larranaga
El Ecuador
Benjamin Franklin
Romeo y Julieta

Castaneda
Figaro
Lord Nelson
Partagas

The above brands are made under the personal control and supervision of the oldest cigar manufacturers in Cuba, thus retaining for each its own individuality. To be had at all the leading Cigar Stores throughout Canada. Chas. Landau, P.O. Box 692 Montreal, Sole representative for Canada.



CRAVEN SMOKING MIXTURE

INVENTED BY THE 3RD EARL OF CRAVEN IN 1867.

Dr. J. M. Barrie says:—"What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

An Ideal Pipe Tobacco Manufactured in England.

BIRCH'S BLACK BOTTLE Scotch Whisky



The approval of Canadian Connoisseurs is steadily forcing this brand to the leading position which it deserves to occupy among Scotch Whiskies on this market.

Every quality that goes to constitute a high-grade Malt Whisky, is found in its highest possible degree of perfection in the BLACK BOTTLE.

MAY BE EQUALLED
CANNOT BE EXCELLED

SOLE AGENTS
FOR CANADA:

William Farrell, Limited

26 and 28
St. Sulpice St.
Montreal.

WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.



GANONG'S
The latest and daintiest arrangement for
Chocolates
The "EVANGELINE" ART BOXES
Filled with
CHOCOLATES
A delicious assortment of Creams,
Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts.
1/2, 1, 2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full weight
in every box.
35 Years' Experience
GANONG BROS. LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.
G.B. CHOCOLATES

W. H. STONE

UNDERTAKER

32 Carlton St.-east.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)

The Leading Undertaker

359 Yonge St. Phone M. 679